The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1933 NUMBER 993

Contents

The Week 113

Editorials

Mass Murder in America 116
Profits under the N. R. A. 117

General Articles

Pink Pills for Dead People ..... Jonathan Mitchell 119
Why Should the Jews Survive? ..... Waldo Frank 121
They Say Women Are Emancipated ..... Elizabeth Bancroft Schlesinger 125
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 128
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 129
Shadow's Shadows ..... Stark Young 130
Men of My Century Loved Mozart (verse) ..... Archibald MacLeish 132
A Note on Hopper ..... Horace Gregory 132

Correspondence 133

Winter Book Section

Yeats: Envoy of Two Worlds ..... Horace Gregory 134
Exiles ..... Robert Cantwell 136
The Last of Lytton Strachey ..... Edmund Wilson 137
James G. Thurber, The Man ..... Robert M. Coates 137
The Chinese Millions ..... Isidor Schneider 138
A Hundred Important Books: 1933 139
Five New Books About Our America ..... Murray Godwin, Constance Rourke, Robert Morss Lovett and Newton Arvin 140
Three Novels ..... Edwin Seaver, Clara G. Stillman and Otis C. Ferguson 144
All-Russian Symphony ..... Joshua Kunitz 146
Fact and Dr. Fay ..... S. E. Morison 147
Dr. Marie Stopes ..... Martha Gruening 148
A Short History of Georgia ..... Hamilton Basso 149
Some Books for Children 149

The Week

THERE can be very few intelligent people, whether personally Wet or Dry, who do not rejoice wholeheartedly at the end of prohibition. This is true even though we have drifted into the new era as we drifted into the one just passing, in a muddle of doubtful legislation, no legislation, conflicting laws, confusion and uncertainty. No real attempt has yet been made to solve the most fundamental aspect of the liquor problem: that of the irrepressible conflict between desire for profit on the part of the seller and the welfare of the community, which is best served by temperance and the most complete divorce possible between drink and those forces of the underworld which have so long been its exclusive masters. If we have not yet solved the problem of temperance, we have at least struck a body blow at the evils of "enforcement" of a law which ran violently counter to the wishes of a large minority everywhere and an overwhelming majority in many states. No longer will children grow up in households where they will see otherwise respectable adults openly violate the law, openly support the bootlegger and his murderous allies. No longer will there be any excuse for the poisoning of thousands of persons through the drinking of alcoholic mixtures of unknown origin. No longer will our relations with foreign countries be endangered through incidents arising from efforts of the government to put down rum-running. To be sure, the gangster and the racketeer are still with us, and no doubt will be here for a long time to come. From now on, however, the fight against them will be in the open.

THE statements made from time to time in The New Republic that there is a fundamental divergence of policy between the more progressive persons in the Roosevelt administration and the more conservative, which is likely soon to force the President to choose whether he will go right or left, have recently received confirmation in special correspondence to The New York Herald Tribune by Ernest K. Lindley. A number of the key men, including persons as important as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell and even Secretary Wallace, were reported to be on the point of resignation in protest against the way in which they conceived that the President's fundamental aims were being compromised. This divergence has little to do with the much-discussed monetary policy; many of the progressives are against inflation and approve of Professor Sprague's opinions on that subject. But they dislike the failure to control industry in the interest of consumers under both the A.A.A. and the N.R.A.; they distrust both Johnson and Peek; they resent the cavalier dismissal of Professor Groves of Wisconsin; they fear a loosening of the Securities Act. Business and banking interests are as eager to get these men out of the administration as the progressives are to resign if there is no change in the present drift. It is utterly fallacious to assume that the President will do a good job if

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he manages to ride both these horses at once. For the truth is that the measures framed by the progressives themselves are hardly drastic enough to bring about anything like a real "new deal." The President is confronted not with a mere problem in politics, but with a national crisis.

THE first trials of the Scottsboro cases were conducted amidst such glaring injustices to the defendants that the United States Supreme Court set aside the verdicts. In the second trial, Judge Horton, who presided, also set aside the verdict of guilty after only one of the defendants had been tried, on the ground that the decision of the jury was a palpable miscarriage of justice. When the new series of trials began a fortnight ago at Decatur, Alabama, every honest and intelligent Southerner must have hoped with all his heart that this time the trials would be conducted in such a way that there could be no question of the fairness of the proceeding and that the honor of the South in a question of justice to Negroes charged with a serious crime, which has been so seriously questioned throughout the world, would be vindicated. Unhappily, the conduct and result of the first case have given exactly the opposite result.

JUDGE Callahan, who supplanted Judge Horton in presiding at the new trials, has seemed singularly insensitive to the fact that the eyes of the world were upon him. He swept aside evidence tending to support the view that the general feeling in and around Decatur was such as to make a fair trial almost impossible. He refused to permit the introduction of vitally important evidence showing that the two young women (one of whom has denied that there was any attack) had spent the preceding night in a hobo jungle with two young white men. He flatly asserted from the bench that no Southern white woman, however degraded, would voluntarily have sex relations with a Negro. His attitude toward the chief defense counsel, Samuel Leibowitz, can only be described as one of half-concealed hostility. His mental bias was strikingly revealed when, in charging the jury, he forgot to instruct them how to bring in any verdict except one of guilt. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the jury should once again have shut its eyes to the evidence and sentenced the defendant to death. It will be no surprise if similar verdicts are found in the cases of the other Negroes. Appeals will of course be taken; and it seems reasonable to believe that the miscarriage of justice is again sufficiently obvious to bring the question before the United States Supreme Court. But the real tragedy in the case is still Alabama's.

LORD Rothermere, the English newspaper peer who is trying hard to make William Randolph Hearst seem a conservative journalist, has now espoused the Rosenberg-Hitler plan for remaking Europe. It is a simple plan, and one which is guaranteed to solve all the problems of Germany and Poland at the expense of Soviet Russia—but who cares for Russia anyway? First of all, Poland is to surrender the Polish Corridor to Hitler. Second, there is to be a nice big war, one which will keep all the armament factories busy and settle the unemployment problem. Third, as a result of this war, Russia is to lose the Ukraine (territory, 175,000 square miles; population, about thirty millions). Fourth, Poland is to get half of it, including the Black Sea port of Odessa, as payment for the Polish Corridor. Fifth, the other half of the Ukraine, lying east of the Dnieper River, is to be divided into German, French and British spheres of influence. Then everybody would be happy—everybody, that is, who survived a war in which millions are certain to be killed in battle, and other millions to perish by plague, famine and revolution. In a sane world, there would be special asylums for people who made plans like this, but instead they become European dictators, peers of the British realm and owners of great daily newspapers. If the world gets any crazier, the few sane people remaining will have to retire into an asylum.

FOUR months ago the case against Athos Terzani, a young Italian charged with the murder of Anthony Fierro, was almost universally discredited. The murder took place, it will be remembered, during a fight in Astoria, Long Island, when Art Smith, then head of the Khaki Shirts, tried to eject a questioner from an open meeting. Terzani, who was an intimate friend of the murdered man, immediately called the police, identified one of Smith's cronies as the murderer and pointed out where the revolver had been hidden. The father of the victim worked with the defense in attempting to free Terzani. Nevertheless, the prosecution accepted the story of Art Smith, held Terzani for the murder and permitted the member of the Khaki Shirts to leave the state with Smith. With the case came up for trial on November 27, a postponement until December 11 was granted because District Attorney Colden of Queens County could not produce Smith, his main witness. The Terzani Defense Committee, a united-front group embracing liberals, Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, the I.W.W. and others, now announces that its investigators have learned that Smith telephoned Colden's office in mid-October to declare that he would not testify unless the fees due him for his previous appearances were paid, and also that when subpoenas were served on other prosecution witnesses before November 27 these witnesses were told that a postponement would be granted. In the face of the complete exposure of Smith's character and activities, the stubborn partiality of the district attorney's office seems more and more ominous; it was precisely this sort of tenacious persecution of radicals, and indifferent checking of the activities of the fascists, that distinguished the work of the republican police in pre-Hitler Germany.

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ONCE more there are dire, dire thunders of war in China. The central government, at Nanking, has threatened utterly to annihilate the famous Nineteenth Route Army, which, only two years ago, was being praised for its high heroic patriotism. It defended Shanghai against the Japanese, it campaigned against the Communists—but now it has revolted and set up an independent government in the province of Fukien. Its leaders are negotiating with the rulers of three other provinces, in the attempt to form a Southern alliance against the Nanking government. But Nanking also is negotiating, is passing bribes, is sending out airplanes to drop bombs and propaganda. The situation is as blind and confusing as only Chinese politics can be. There are, however, two clear threads which American readers can follow. The first is that the rank-and-file soldiers of the Nineteenth Route Army, patriots to the last man and proud of their record in resisting the Japanese, are tired of serving under a government that has obviously sold itself to the Japanese. They are tired of fighting against their own brothers, the peasants of Fukien and Kiangsi, who have driven out the landlords and formed themselves into Soviets. This explains the revolt, even though it does not explain the political maneuvers of the men who are leading it. The second thread is that the Chinese Communists in Kiangsi, the seat of the Soviet government, have once again been saved by the internal dissensions of their enemies. A month ago, things looked black for the Kiangsi Soviets, even though their comrades in arms were winning brilliant victories in the far interior of the country. Great armies had been gathered against them—incidentally with the help of wheat and cotton loans from the United States government—and American-built airplanes were bombing their cities. The Soviet district was so strictly blockaded that salt was being sold there for its weight in silver. Now, with the revolt of the Nineteenth Route Army, all this is changed; the anti-Soviet campaign has slackened and the Red Armies are taking the offensive.

THE fight of the Hitler government against what remains of the German labor movement continues. On December 12 the trade-union organizations, which had a formal existence under Nazi directors even after the police had raided their offices, confiscated their treasuries and sent their Socialist and Communist functionaries into concentration camps, will be officially dissolved. On that day the "vertical union," in which not only all workers, irrespective of trade or industry, but also all employers will become members, will take the place of the trade-union organizations, bringing "peace and friendship for all those who work in the Reich instead of the frenzy of the class struggle." It requires no particularly active imagination to picture the "peace and friendship" that the new National Socialist "Labor Front," with its power arbitrarily to fix wages and conditions of work, will bring, now that it is no longer hampered in its subservience to capital by the existence of trade-union organizations. Meanwhile, the Nazi judges are undertaking sadistic orgies of persecution. Six Communist workers were beheaded in Köln last week for their participation in a street fight before the accession of Hitler, in which a Brown Shirt soldier was killed. In the same week ten other Communists were condemned to death for a similar offense. Berlin is witnessing the trial of fifty-three Communists for whom the State Attorney demands capital punishment; in Dresden eighty-nine members of the Socialist Workers' party were sentenced to 200 years in prison. Up to November, 15,600 Communists and Socialists had been charged with high treason in fifty-six cities under the Göring law, which permits the death penalty for those found guilty. Now the government announces its intention of staging a monster trial of more than 1,000 Socialist and Communist "traitors," arrested since that time, to set an example to other rebellious elements in the Reich. In the language of Göring and Hitler this can mean only one thing: the mass slaughter of men and women who dared to criticize the present regime.

TO THE victor belongs the state," says Hitler's Völkische Beobachter in commenting on the elevation of the Nazi party, the Brown Shirts (S.A.), the Black Shirts (S.S.) and the Steel Helmets to official status. "While these organizations," the chief organ of the National Socialist party continues, "have controlled the German Reich since March 5, a Cabinet decision of December 1 officially makes them departments of the state. They can levy taxes, advance their members in public office, issue orders and decrees for the conduct of their affairs, impose sentences, even of penal servitude, all of them becoming as enforceable as any other state laws and regulations. . . ." In other words, the party and state in Nazi Germany have become identical. The S.A. and S.S., the semi-military organizations classed by the French with the Reichswehr—over the vehement protest of the authorities of the Dritte Reich—have become in effect the militia, the police and the army of the state, depending on the use to which they are put by their Nationalist Socialist commanders. The appointment, a few days ago, of Mr. Hess, Hitler's closest associate and temporary substitute in the management of the party, and of Captain Röhm, Chief of Staff of the Nazi military organizations, to Cabinet posts without portfolio, will greatly diminish the influence of the few remaining German Nationalist Ministers. These Nationalist Ministers had on a number of occasions been a fly in the ointment of Nazi rulers. They had prevented the use of compulsory measures against the rebellious element among the Protestant clergy. They had even induced the government to force the resignation of two influential hotheads among the "German Christians," thereby inflicting on the Hitlerites their first political defeat since taking control of the Reich.

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But with Röhm and Hess in the Cabinet, resistance of this sort will become more difficult, if not impossible.

DURING the ten months of his Chancellorship, Adolf Hitler has announced not less than three different job-producing programs. In May he proclaimed that the government was about to build a cross-country automobile road, a two-billion-mark project. In June and again in September, laws for the reduction of unemployment were issued, the former involving an expenditure of 1,000 million, the latter of an additional 500 million marks. The Nazi newspapers (which means the entire German press) daily publish articles describing these giant projects and comparing them, in critical juxtaposition, with what previous regimes had undertaken to help the jobless. But not even the most diligent search for corroborative material could unearth confirmation of actual expenditures until the recent publication by the coördinated Institut für Konjunkturforschung of an authentic summary of the total of Germany's job-producing activity. Surveying the following official figures one realizes, not without astonishment, that Hitler's great achievements in his much-lauded campaign against unemployment are still only on paper, and that of the public-works program of Hitler's predecessors barely one-half has been carried out to date.

PRE-HITLER PROGRAMS

	Authorized expenditure Marks	*Actual expenditure to October 15 Marks*
Brüning-Papen, spring and summer, 1932.....	347 million	250 million
Papen-Schleicher home-building subsidies, September, 1932 and January, 1933..	120 million	79 million
Schleicher January program, 1933	600 million	230 million
Total.....	1,067 million	559 million

HITLER PROGRAMS

	Authorized expenditure Marks	*Actual expenditure to October 15 Marks*
Cross-country automobile road	2,000 million	... million
June program, 1933.....	1,000 million	20 million
September program, 1933...	500 million	... million
Total.....	3,500 million	20 million

WE TAKE it for granted that these official figures are not complete. Thus, for instance, the Völkische Beobachter reports that surveys have been made for the proposed automobile road at a cost of several hundred thousand marks, that on the section from Frankfurt to Mannheim 1,500 men have been put to work since November 10 and that for southern and eastern Germany the employment of two to three thousand men has been "decided upon." What has been done is at best a sorry substitute for actual accomplishment. It explains, too, why the Dritte Reich, despite its huge "Reconstruction Program," has not given evidence of acute financial distress. Its actual expenditures have not been overburdening. The German nationalist has always sneered at what he called "American Bluff." Is it possible that Herr Hitler has taken a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book?

WE ARE considering the advisability of lending our support to a couple of movements which are, well, not exactly sweeping the country, but at least are mildly dusting the surface of it. The first movement has for its object the support of the Honorable Alfred E. Smith as candidate for President in 1936 on the Republican ticket (provided there is one). The second movement requires diplomatic negotiations of the most delicate sort. Its object is to procure the Order of Lenin, first class, for Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, on the ground that he has converted more Americans to Communism than have all the efforts of all the revolutionary agitators from Karl Marx to William Z. Foster. In recognition of Mr. Wiggin's distinguished services, it is even proposed that his lost pension of $100,000 a year be restored and be paid in some of that famous Russian gold.

Mass Murder in America

IN THREE widely separated places in the United States, public attention has been concentrated during the past week on mob violence. In Maryland, an attempt to arrest leaders of a mob which some weeks ago lynched a Negro charged with rape was fiercely resisted by citizens of the town in which these leaders resided—so fiercely that although they were taken away by state troops, the Maryland officials made no effective attempt to prevent their release a few days later on a writ of habeas corpus, nor have these officials sought the similar arrest of other known members of the mob. In Missouri, a Negro also accused of rape has been lynched with all the customary attendant circumstances of frenzied sadism. In California two men accused of the brutal murder of a kidnaped victim were tortured and lynched in the heretofore reasonably law-abiding town of San Jose, and the Governor of the state condoned the action by a public statement in which he said that the mob acted properly and that, in the unlikely event that any of its leaders were convicted and imprisoned, he would pardon them.

These three cases have shocked many Americans into a disconcerting realization of the temper of this country. To be sure, no one who had studied the previous career of Governor "Sunny Jim" Rolph need have been surprised that he should condone murder. Rolph's long continued policy of holding Mooney and Billings in prison despite the blazing injustice done them might have forewarned the country of his unfitness for high office in a community with any regard for justice. What is really important about his statement is the degree of support it obtained throughout the country. It is per-

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haps not surprising that a large majority of the several hundred communications Governor Rolph received should have supported his course; probably the kind of person who agreed with him was more likely to send him a letter or telegram than the kind of person who felt that he and the mob between them had put an ineradicable stain on the honor of California. It is saddening to see, however, how many newspapers and individuals who criticized the Governor did so in an apologetic, half-hearted way, stressing the horrible character of the crime of kidnaping and opposing the action of the mob only on the ground that the two men who were lynched would certainly have been put to death in the near future by the orderly process of law.

Incidentally, while we assume that both these men were probably guilty, it is important to note that the only evidence regarding one of them was extracted by torture (the third degree). The father of the second victim of the mob says his son is innocent, that he has a complete alibi for him, that his alleged confession means nothing, and that he proposes to sue the city and county authorities and Governor Rolph for sums aggregating a million dollars. The fact that the American police in all parts of the country habitually use torture to extract "admissions of guilt" makes the prevalence of lynching all the more horrible. The stock argument of those who defend mob violence is that the courts are slow, that criminals escape punishment through legal technicalities, and that society simply takes the law into its own hands. But how does this theory square with the facts when innocent men are beaten into confessing crimes they did not commit and are then executed by mobs?

One other excuse for the San Jose lynchers needs to be punctured. The story has been spread broadcast that the mob was led by a few drunken youths, that most of its members were intoxicated and that it did not represent the thoughtful judgment of the citizens of San Jose. While it is undoubtedly true that many individuals in that city regretted the affair, there is good evidence that if the lynchings had not taken place when they did, they would have been accomplished a few hours later by another group of older and "more reputable" citizens of San Jose. Well dressed men and women, some of them accompanied by children, were present at the lynching and gave every sign of approbation.

Appalling as was the attitude of Governor Rolph, in some ways what has been done by Governor Ritchie in the Maryland affair may prove equally bad. In the Princess Anne case the Governor evidently began by making a sincere attempt to bring some of the lynchers to justice. Since then, however, he has taken no further action and he gives every evidence of having been so alarmed by the public uproar against him on the Eastern Shore that he is washing his hands of the whole affair. It is hard to know which is more deserving of condemnation: a Governor who is a lyncher at heart or one who would abandon the attempt to punish lynchers in order to save his own political career.

These recent outbreaks, in three parts of the country, are particularly disheartening to those enlightened Southerners who have for many years fought the evil of lynching in that region and believed that they were winning important successes, as indicated by the steady and rapid decline in the number of such mass murders in America from the Civil War until the very recent past. Only time will say whether they are correct in believing that Governor Rolph has set back the clock by decades; but good citizens, in both the North and the South, must be alarmed at the mood of violence which is clearly abroad in the land today. This is not to be explained as merely part of the old American tradition of lawlessness, or as resulting from public indignation against kidnapers, or as an outgrowth of gangsterism fostered by a decade of prohibition. It seems to us clear that there is a new mood of restlessness, of impatience with the processes of law and order. Hitler and his cohorts, who have been reading denunciations of their brutality in the American press, must have read the recent dispatches with wry smiles. If mob violence existed throughout the world, it could be put down to the failings of human nature; but it does not. There are large and populous countries, faced with many of the same problems as ourselves, where such episodes are quite unknown. It is clear, we submit, that the resort to violence in America is a symbol of unhealthy inward tensions resulting from the deep sickness of our civilization. We cannot call ourselves civilized until we have rebuilt our society with these inequalities and injustices abolished.

Profits under the N.R.A.

IN THE early days of the N.R.A., a number of economists who hold to conventional theory—even very good ones like the editor of The London Economist—questioned what they conceived to be the theory behind it. The idea was, they said, to bring about revival by increasing the purchasing power of the masses, and to do this by raising wages and spreading employment through shorter hours. But, they pointed out, this would surely raise production costs. As a result industry would probably suffer diminished profits; production would fall; and the workers would in the end gain nothing, because the volume of employment would decrease, or at least fail to expand. To bring about revival, they said, let industry feel the bait of larger profits and so be tempted to expand.

Later, when the reaction against the N.R.A. among business men began to be serious, this cry was taken up by business interests themselves; William Randolph Hearst wrote signed editorials for his papers embodying the same argument, and inveighing against the administration for the concessions it had made to labor. Within the N.R.A. itself, business interests argued on the same grounds

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for increased prices of their products, or for the right to increase them. How could they afford to pay more in wages unless their prices went up? In view of these contentions it is interesting to see what in fact has happened to profits.

The National City Bank has recently issued a tabulation of the financial statements of 205 large industrial corporations. These corporations have a combined net worth of $7,443 million and cover nineteen industrial groups. In combining the figures of profits, the Bank has deducted the deficits of those corporations which had deficits. The figures are not of course all-inclusive, but they probably give a very fair sample of what has happened to the earnings of larger industries.

In the third quarter of 1933 (July-September) these corporations had profits of $129,576,000, as compared with $86,878,000 in the second quarter and a net deficit of $14,831,000 in the first quarter. In the third quarter of last year, the same corporations had a net deficit of $11,583,000. In those months of 1932, only 46 percent of the corporations were making profits, in the first quarter of this year only 43 percent, in the second quarter 61 percent and in the third quarter 77 percent.

How shall we interpret these figures? Business volume was gaining in the second quarter of this year, and before July the N.R.A. had not been applied. The low level of costs attained during the depression, combined with the increase of output, is a sufficiently obvious reason to account for the change from a net deficit to a profit in April, May and June. But in July, the higher wages and shorter hours began to be enforced, while prices of materials went up. Presumably costs of production rose somewhat—although nowhere near so much as the prophets of disaster predicted. The curve of business activity declined during this quarter. Production was decreased. Higher costs and smaller sales would lead, one would suppose, to diminished profits. Nevertheless, profits in the third quarter were almost exactly 50 percent larger than profits in the second. We cannot account for this strange fact except upon the basis of one supposition. The prices of the products manufactured by these industries rose. Goods made in large quantities during the second quarter at low costs, by means of increased production undertaken to "beat the gun" on the N.R.A. and on the prospect of inflation, were sold at a higher price level in the third. Also it seems likely—though sufficiently detailed figures are not at hand to prove it beyond possibility of doubt—that prices of the products of these industries were boosted more than enough to make up for any increased cost of labor and materials which occurred in July, August and September.

If profit margins were thus increased, why did industry not behave as the orthodox theorists predicted, by producing more? Instead, it produced less. The answer, we should guess, was that industry did not feel a sufficiently enlarged demand from consumers. It had gone on the principle of raising the prices of its product enough, or more than enough, to counteract any higher rates paid to wage earners and higher prices paid to producers of raw materials. The natural result was larger profits gained at the expense of diminished output. The gains of wage earners and farmers were largely canceled through the power retained by the owners of industry to boost their prices. The policy recommended by the conservative economists was actually followed. Profit margins were increased. And the outcome was restricted production instead of continuance of revival.

It seems to us self-evident that under the set-up of large-scale mechanized industry, more is to be gained by the community through low prices, high wages and large production at a small profit margin than by the contrary policy. In conditions of depression or near-depression, the crushing burden of costs arises from heavy, fixed overhead rather than from labor costs. The only way to reduce overhead costs per unit is to enlarge output and sales. And the only way to do that is to supply the mass of the consumers—who get their money either as wage earners or as growers of raw materials—with enough to buy more. It is suicidal for industry, in the long run, to seek profit by enlarging its profit margin at a time when it is still producing far below capacity. Such a policy is also murderous toward labor and agriculture.

These figures would tend to show that if the N.R.A. has failed or is going to fail, the fault is not with its influence in the direction of shorter hours and higher wages. Rather the fault is that it has not established consumer control over the prices of industrial products. Production and consumption cannot be increased unless the spread between what wage earners and farmers receive and the prices of what they buy is narrowed. There is no other way to increase production—unless we assume that the extra amounts produced are to be held indefinitely in storage, somewhere on the way to the ultimate buyer, or are to be bought exclusively by those few who share in profits. Either of these assumptions is absurd, if what we are seeking is lasting prosperity, well distributed.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1933, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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Pink Pills for Dead People

HEARINGS on the Roosevelt administration's proposed pure food and drug bill are beginning in Washington before a committee headed by Senator Copeland. For many weeks, the patent-medicine makers, the drug wholesalers and the great drug-store chains have been planning their attack. They have announced they will challenge the bill as a measure which fosters bureaucracy and tramples on the rights of property and free Americans, and as part of a plot by the liberal members of the administration—specifically Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell—to ruin industry.

In the Federal Food and Drug Administration's building in Washington is a little room lined with exhibits of dangerous and fake patent medicines, cosmetics and foods. The bottles, tubes, jars and food packages are neatly mounted on composition board, with legends beneath them describing the various kinds of death, permanent injury and loss of money suffered by their purchasers. The room is not a pleasant place; in the Food and Drug Administration it is known as the chamber of horrors. However, it gives you some notion of what the drug interests in fact mean when they speak of property rights and free Americans. What they mean is the right of medicine manufacturers to make 500 and 1,000-percent profits from credulous, ignorant and dying people.

The patent-medicine makers are the first group of industrialists openly to declare war on the Roosevelt administration. You would expect this; theirs is the meanest racket flourishing under "rugged individualism." They are, as has previously been pointed out in The New Republic, among the heaviest advertisers in the country, and are therefore in a position to bring pressure upon newspapers and magazines. As an example of how they propose to fight, it is now learned that at a meeting of the United Medicine Manufacturers, one of the two chief associations in the industry, held last September 11-13 at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, a seventeen-point program was approved, of which the second point is: "To secure coöperation of newspapers in spreading favorable publicity [for the drug industry's campaign against Mr. Tugwell and the administration] particularly in papers now carrying advertising for members of the Association."

One of the exhibits in the Food and Drug Administration's chamber of horrors is that of a patent medicine bearing the unlikely name of Crazy Crystals. It is made in Mineral Springs, Texas, and has a nationwide sale. Last summer the Food and Drug Administration had a booth at the Chicago fair, at which the Crazy Crystals exhibit was conspicuously displayed, to the greath wrath of its manufacturer. It is now reported that the Texas congressional delegation, almost to a man, has been pledged to fight the administration's bill. From sources unconnected with the administration, it is learned that Vice President Garner likewise has thrown the supposed prestige of his office behind the opposition to the bill.

When the hearings begin before Senator Copeland's committee, the exhibits of the chamber of horrors will be moved up to Capitol Hill. They form the administration's most dramatic weapon in meeting the attack of the patent-medicine makers.

The exhibits in the chamber of horrors fall into a number of distinct groups. First and most important are the patent medicines which are either injurious in themselves or else worthless for the deadly diseases they pretend to cure. A typical example—one cited in a recent newsreel talkie made by Mr. Tugwell in defense of the administration's bill—is Banbar. Banbar is made by the L. B. Barlett Company of Pittsburgh, and sells for $12 a medium-sized bottle. Its label bears the line: "For the diabetic." It is in fact made from a fairly common weed called horsetail, and its therapeutic value is close to zero.

On the exhibit in the chamber of horrors, beneath a Banbar bottle and a glass jar containing a sprig of horsetail, are two groups of photostats. One group consists of copies of some twenty-five testimonials received by the L. B. Barlett Company from sufferers from diabetes. These testimonials were investigated by the federal authorities, and the second group of photostats embodies the results of the investigation. It consists of the death certificates of each of the testimonial writers, recorded within an average of a year from the day the testimonial was written.

For the most part, the Banbar testimonial letters are moving in the extreme. They are patently written by under-dogs, by people bewildered, desperate, hoping against hope. With proper treatment, the lives of most of them perhaps could have been saved. Yet there is one letter which arouses somewhat different emotions. It is a testimonial from a registered New Jersey physician, couched in professional terms, stating that he is prescribing Banbar for his mother-in-law, a diabetic, and that "I will certify that it has given better results than the heretofore treatment, including insulin." This testimonial was written March 24, 1931. You look across the exhibit, and find mother-in-law's death certificate filed on December 5, 1931.

Not long ago the federal authorities proceeded against the L. B. Barlett Company in the courts.

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Dr. Eliot P. Joslin of Harvard Medical School, international authority on diabetes, appeared as a government expert, and testified to Banbar's complete worthlessness. But because of the flagrant loopholes in the existing pure food and drugs law —which has remained substantially unchanged since it was obtained in 1906 by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley after a ferocious fight with the medicine makers— the L. B. Barlett Company was acquitted, and Banbar is still being sold for $12 the bottle.

Another exhibit is Marmola, made by the Radalam Company of Detroit. Marmola is a "popular number" in the big drug-store chains. It contains —or has contained—thyroid extract, and is advertised widely as a remedy for excessive weight. According to the legend beneath the Marmola bottle in the chamber of horrors, when taken by normal individuals it may lead to "loss of appetite, nausea, insomnia, palpitation of the heart, sweating, fevers and delirium." A similar case is that of Renton's Hydrocin Tablets, information about which has only recently been compiled by the Food and Drug Administration. Renton's Hydrocin Tablets are made by the Renton Company, Pasadena, California, sell for $1.50 a bottle and are advertised for the relief of pain, especially rheumatism and arthritis. The tablets contain cinchopin, the indiscriminate use of which as a drug has been protested by various medical authorities. Taken over a sufficient period of time, cinchopin can bring about atrophy of the liver, and six cases of death from cumulative cinchopin poisoning have lately been reported by the Mayo clinic of Rochester, Minnesota.

A second group of exhibits in the chamber of horrors is concerned with the large class of patent medicines which have definite therapeutic merit, but for which wildly exaggerated advertising claims are made. Conspicuous in this class is Crazy Crystals, the makers of which are leaders in the offensive against Mr. Tugwell and the administration's bill. The Crazy Crystals Company is one of the largest purchasers among patent-medicine concerns of radio broadcasting time; among other stars on its programs have been Gene Arnold and the Commodores and the Lonesome Cowboy. It maintains its own outlets in the principal cities; in Washington it has a bright, gayly decorated shop a few blocks from the Food and Drug Administration's building. Crazy Crystals sells for $1.50 a pound, and during the first nine months of this year, 750,000 pounds were shipped from Texas.

Crazy Crystals contains mineral salts; it is a laxative neither better nor worse than others. But a typical continuity from one of its radio programs declares it is "for constipation, stomach trouble, colitis, neuritis and rheumatism." At the present time, the Food and Drug Administration is helpless to act in a case like this. Under the existing law, it has no jurisdiction whatever over advertising claims. The administration's proposed bill, however, will put all drug advertising under federal control, and it is this which the patent-medicine makers bitterly dislike and fear.

A familiar-appearing exhibit in the chamber of horrors is Forhan's toothpaste, with its celebrated slogan of "Four Out of Every Five . . . " Grouped around Forhan's toothpaste tube appear full-page advertisements from nearly every magazine of national circulation in the country. According to government chemists, Forhan's is a good toothpaste, but neither it—nor any other toothpaste—is a specific cure for pyorrhea. Three other widely advertised products on display in the chamber of horrors are Welch's Grape Juice, recently put forward as a reducing diet, Pineoleum and Vapo-Cresolene. Government experts say that for anyone to drink sufficient grape juice for any appreciable effect is physically impossible. Pineoleum and Vapo-Cresolene, rightly employed, are both useful palliatives, but neither one is a cure for the long list of diseases for which it is advertised.

The most shameful exhibits in the chamber of horrors, perhaps, are those of poisonous cosmetics. This is the section in which you find photographs of people blinded, and with faces scarred and eaten away. There is a set of photographs of a young Ohio girl, victim of a preparation called Lash Lure, made by a firm in Los Angeles and containing a coal-tar dye. The Food and Drug Administration has a photograph of this girl before her injury; she is unusually lovely. Another photograph is taken in the hospital, her eyes are gone and the flesh around them is a mass of tortured scars. When damage suits were brought by a number of victims against Lash Lure, its discoverable assets were less than a thousand dollars. In showing these cosmetics exhibits, the Food and Drug Administration invariably emphasizes that most preparations, other than hair dyes and hair removers, are altogether safe.

The final group of exhibits in the chamber of horrors consists of deceptively packaged or fraudulently advertised foods. The most striking exhibit is Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, two cabin-shaped cans of which are mounted side by side. One can is for sale in those states requiring complete truthfulness in food advertising, and bears the legend, "25 percent maple syrup and 75 percent cane-sugar syrup." Its brother can, for sale over the rest of the country, states simply, "made from cane sugar and maple syrup." Other exhibits display ice cream puffed up to nearly twice its legitimate volume with air, chicken à la King containing just one prominently placed, razor-thin slab of chicken, noodles disguised by transparent colored paper, fruit jam containing no fruit.

For ten years or more, Food and Drug Administration officials have been hoping for an administration with courage enough to support a new, more drastic pure food and drugs act. Now, in the Roosevelt administration, they have found men ready to defy the patent-medicine makers. Patent

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medicines constitute no particular danger to the well-to-do and sophisticated. As you can see by the exhibits in the chamber of horrors, patent medicines are designed primarily to be sold to the working class. As long as we have a system which permits the illnesses of poor people to be exploited for private profit, it would seem that the state might at least prevent the sale of downright frauds and poisons.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Why Should the Jews Survive?

I

THIS ESSAY would not have been written at this hour, had it not been for the dark hour of the German Jews. But their catastrophe is the deepening, within the crisis of the world, of a threat that for two centuries has gathered against Jewry. Judaism has never solved the challenge of the modern world; and this challenge is now a crisis—one of those historic crises from which Jewry must be reborn, if at all, through the threshold of death.

I do not stop to swell the lamentations that the fate of half a million highly cultured Jews has aroused in all sane people. My object is more stern. It is to analyze the response of the Jews, particularly in the United States, to Hitler: to expose and study from the response certain traits of modern Jewry. There has been, in all the tears and rage, one constant refrain. "Why are we persecuted?" cry the leaders. "We are not different from you Gentiles—not in any point of thought, conduct or allegiance, that *counts*. In Germany we are good Germans; in America, we are good Americans. There is no reason for this persecution." Now, Jews have often suffered persecution; although I suspect never by such ruthlessly efficient methods as the German. But Jews have always known why they were maltreated. It was because they were different; in thought, in conduct, in allegiance, in all that counted, a peculiar people. It was because they were Jews. This reason might cause great sacrifice. But since Jewishness was the treasure of their lives, source of their beauty and joy, they deemed even the price of persecution not too great to pay for being Jewish. They took the persecution for granted, meeting it as shrewdly as they could. The stress of their energy and will was focused, not on avoiding or denying reasons for persecution, but on being Jews. Here, then, is an enormous difference. For the first time in a history of three thousand years, the leaders of Jewry do not know why they are persecuted: for the first time they disclaim any reason for persecution.

This sheds new light on the German Jewish disaster. Are these half-million victims to be considered undifferentiatedly as suffering human beings? Then they deserve no more pity and help—no more and of course no less—than the millions of other sufferers of our dark age: than the Negroes of our South, for instance; than the countless families broken by unemployment; than the Communists whom Hitler and the Balkan sadists are torturing and maiming. But such pooled pity does not satisfy the Jewish leaders. In their appeals and reports they are careful to separate their cause from others. They imply that German Jewry calls for more than its quantitative share of the concern of a world riven with anguish; they assume, indeed, that a great people, whose value to mankind is high, is being menaced. Now this claim, on the evidence of the past, can be denied by no intelligent man. The Jews have through the centuries made contributions to the Western world that are inestimable, and organic. But are not the contemporary leaders confused in time? Should the Jews be saved today for what they were in the past? Such a plea runs counter to all natural law. What is there *alive* in contemporary Jewry to distinguish it from any other quantitative group of human beings?

The answer, alas! is, there is nothing. There are still, it is true, traditional Jewish communes in Eastern Europe and North Africa. But we do not hear from them; they provide no Jewish leaders. Indeed, the modern world no longer gives them nurture or function, and they are doomed by their own archaic form. The Jewry that protests against Hitlerism and is menaced by it the world over, and that assumes its past worth as argument for its present survival, is a modern "progressive" Jewry, divorced from that past. It is the Jewry that cries: Why are we persecuted? Let us examine it, then, for Jewishness—and in its most prosperous member, the Jews of the United States.

First, I must define the Jew; and this, fortunately, can be done without raising the old problems of race and nation. To be a Jew has always meant *to live a certain way of life:* a way which, evolving with the ages and with the cultural-economic conditions of the lands, was yet an organic growth from a single tradition. This tradition was one; and the Jewish groups made it organic with their lives. Other nations had prophets, the Jews enacted theirs. Other nations had arts, the Jews lived theirs. Other peoples had high standards for personal, communal and cosmic relations: the Jews, by the minutiae of their 613 commandments, made flesh and bone of their vision. The defining Jewish trait is *unification* of value into an organic body of behavior. The defining Jewish term is *action*.

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And now, outside the vanishing old-world ghettoes of our East Side, where are the Jews? Where in New York, in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in San Francisco? The American Jew is as divided in his ideals and his behavior as any Gentile. His amusements and his arts, his family life and his business methods, his loyalties to class, state and God, are the same tissue of contradictions. Like any Gentile, he scrambles for the dollar, lives for his belly, shares in the stampede for cheap delights. As business man, he also exploits his brother; as citizen, he votes for the same liars, crude or gilded. He shouts the same chauvinistic phrases and is ready, with the rest, in time of war, to rush with the courage of Gadarene swine to his destruction. He enjoys (and writes) the same inane novels, movies. In a society whose crucial trait is the abyss between ideal and deed, he—the Jew—is indistinguishable from his neighbor. Is the "Jewishness" of these modern Jews a dynamic and totalistic pattern of action? or is it a mere moldering heap of sentiment, vanity and habit?

I am speaking of the prosperous American Jew; not yet of the rank and file, the humble clerks and clothing workers, artisans and mechanics. These, as Jews, are passive. And in so far as they have Jewish leaders to make them act (as contradistinguished from labor leaders, for example), they choose the very type who have grown great by shrewd collaboration with a world that is the antithesis, in every value, to what is Jewish. This is a cardinal point in the lethal condition of American Jewry. Its leaders and spokesmen, in their loyalty to the exploiting class, have dangerously identified the Jew with a bourgeoisie that is degenerate and doomed. In the middle ages, the Jew was allied functionally with the rising burgher class whose destiny it was to break the feudal system. This alliance was one reason for the Jew's survival. But burgherdom, in medieval Europe, played a different moral part from the *grande bourgeoisie* of today. In the realm of practicable action, the burgherdom stood for social justice and intellectual freedom, as against the exploiting landowning gentry and the landowning Church. Technically, the profit system always meant exploitation of labor. But socially, this early bourgeois exploitation was in the direction of justice, since it spread the margin of leisure whereby man's culture could alone advance. Until the invention of the machine, some exploitation of men was needed in order that a privileged portion of mankind could think—and at last, by inventing the machine, and spreading possible leisure to all humanity, abolish the need of human exploitation altogether. The alliance of medieval Jewry with burgherdom was therefore within the rhythm of advancing social justice and hence harmonious with Jewishness. But today, the dominant bourgeoisie is the power of stratified social injustice: it is the power of war, of spiritual death and intellectual ruin.

The intensity of American Jewish allegiance to the exploiting class can be measured by the lives of the prominent Jewish leaders. I consider one to whom the American Jews have almost unanimously turned in the present crisis. They officially replied to Hitler with the boycott. They have been careful to divide from their cause the general cause of human liberty: careful to insist that, as Jews, they are concerned with the fate not of German radicals or workers, but of German Jews. And the captain of this sectarian gesture is Samuel Untermyer. Mr. Untermyer is a lawyer who has grown rich by interpreting the game of grab for American corporations (largely Gentile, of course) more shrewdly than most advocates of Big Business. He has shown, at times, a mild concern for the interests of the public against the utility highwaymen; but never, never remotely, to the length of weakening in his active support of a system whose cornerstone is exploitation. This man, undistinguishable in quality of mind and spirit and life from thousands of other divided men, is a leader in American Jewry. And his implicit collaboration with the conspirators of wealth against the principle of social justice that is an axiom of Jewish unity between value and deed, is shared by our leading rabbis and our professional Jewish writers—Ludwig Lewisohn, for instance.

Are such leaders Jews? Their deeds are contradictions of their ideals, therefore of the Jewish essence. Is a folk that such men lead a Jewish folk? A trait of Jewry, following from the Jewish premise that value and vision must become action, has been to set up true Jewish leaders. But it may be said, there are other Jews, greater than these: not necessarily American, yet the real leaders of Jewry. There are Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Alfred Stieglitz, Henri Bergson, Leon Trotsky . . . others. These men are great, and are leaders, and are Jews. But they are not leaders of Jews. They are leaders of scientists, philosophers, artists, revolutionists. They and other great Jewish men of our times are products of Jewish life; but modern Jewry cannot claim them. They are the offspring of the old communal Jewry which still existed in their formative years. And the fact that they have been forced to function quite outside modern Jewry is another proof of its present dissolution. The Jewish world no longer holds its men of genius; the highest products of its spirit, of its intellectual discipline and of its sense of life, leave the parent body. And the world of Jews, in deadly division from the Jewish spirit, chooses leaders who hasten its death.

Consider now the pitiful, the ironical condition of the Jew. To suffer for a cause that our soul loves is bearable: is, indeed—since we must suffer—man's most enviable destiny. But to suffer for nothing! To be hated and ruined as a Jew, when one's life is not Jewish! The Jews of Germany, taken as a whole, exist *inertially* because their past way was Jewish and because it takes more than a generation to destroy a way of life so strong and so vital. If two hundred years ago, they had ceased living as Jews, Hitler and the Nazis, who are igno-

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rant men, would probably not have heard of them. He persecutes them now because in a confused way he has inherited what was a real reason, then, for a German in revolt against Western civilization to dislike real Jews who had so much to do with its creating.

But that is only half the picture. The Jews are allied with an agonizing and desperate middle class. When that class flourished, the Jews, functioning in it, were tolerated by it. Now that it droops and its spoils dwindle, it turns—like a man in a panic—against its weaker neighbor. It is the principle of "every man for himself"—the basic law of bourgeois life. O the ironical confusion in the fate of the modern Jew! He is persecuted by barbarous and desperate men because of ideals that he no longer lives: and he is persecuted by a class to which, in the main, he is loyal, because he is a rival of its barbarous way of life—a way that contradicts his own ideals!

This is Germany today: who doubts that with variations it may be America tomorrow? that it may be any capitalistic country where the Jew, *in his present,* is a minority factor in a desperate middle class and *in his past* a reminder of the liberal culture of the Western world, against which that desperate class is in revolt?

II

Now for the final questions: How can the Jew survive in the modern world, *and why should he survive?* To answer clearly, I must first state some of the reasons why he survived in the past. And since the kaleidoscope of Jewish generations is so great, I take the latest period of undisputed Jewish health: the middle ages (which lasted for the Jews until the eighteenth century), when the Jews lived, harmonious and whole, within a Europe of violent divisions, and often savagely hostile.

1. Jewry's strict unity of ideal and conduct made the community, although small and surrounded, an efficient body. All its energy was conserved for itself and applied functionally for survival; whereas in a greater community where value and deed are divided, there is conflict, loss of energy, disease.

2. In Judaism, both ideally and actively, there was no separation between man and group. Although infiltrations from Alexandrian and Platonized Egypt corrupted the ancient Hebrew knowledge that there is no personal immortality, this superstition of a surviving individual soul (the deepest cause of the failure of European cultures) was never strong against the healthy Jewish unification of individual and commune. Therefore, medieval Jewry had no destructive egoism —no "great men"—to mislead it for discordant personal ends. (The egoistic leader battens on the accumulated egoisms of his rabble.) In Jewry, the leaders were as organic to the commune as an eye or a brain to the body. Moreover, these leaders were not soldiers, not megalomaniacs of fame and money: they were the seers and the thinkers. Here then was a social body whose eyes and brain literally led it—in contrast to our modern world in which the eye and the brain are discards or decorations.

3. Jewry had, despite theological and cultural differences, a deep community of values with Christian cultural leaders. They recognized the worth of the Jewish ethic; the beauty of the Jews' concept of Godhead as immanent in human action. The best in Christian Europe at all times respected, and often learned from, the "hated" Jews. And during the ages when the Church was strong, they had enough influence to defend the Jews against extremities of persecution.

4. Through these times, *Jewry had an economic function.* Its activities in international commerce, banking, exchange and in the practical sciences of communication and of navigation, did a necessary work in feudal Europe. And this allied Jewry with the struggling middle class—the burghers who were to inherit and transform feudal Europe. Without this function and the alliance with a rising economic class, Jewry's inner harmony of action could not have saved it. For there would have been lacking a harmony of function within the larger body of the Gentile world.

To return, now, to our time; the Jew obviously can survive, if the immutable essence of the Jewish social organism can somehow be transformed to function in the modern world. And obviously, the Jew should survive, if this essential Jewish nature still has a part to play before mankind. These questions are the subject for a book—which I shall write, if I live long enough to become a Jew. Here, I can but sketch my answer.

The Jewish principle—unity of value and deed, of person and group—has a dual form. That the personal will harmonize with the community, there must be social justice. And that within the communal life (which includes economics and politics), there may be nurtured the values of the individual soul, there must be God. What did God mean to the Jews? At first by miracle, at last by natural law; at first confusedly, at last rationally and clearly, God meant the dynamic immanence, in the world of matter and of man, of what the individual recognized within himself as his own deepest worth. God meant the principle of order, the will to unity, in a chaotic multiverse; and the creative place of every man and woman in that order. God meant the values in the substantial world which men, gropingly, called divine. In a word, God meant *goodness* . . . and life.

We may now see why the Jewish individual-social organism broke in the impact with the modern world. Modern industrialism destroyed the simple, paternalistic economy under which the Jewish commune *approximated* social justice. And modern thought and science corroded the theologic-ethic form under which the Jew knew God. To survive, the Jewish principle must be transfigured into modern terms. Judaism would have to embrace an again workable program approximating social justice: and that means the unequivocal destruction of the anarchy called industrial capitalism. And Judaism would have to redefine what it has always meant—or meant to mean—by God.

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Now, let the reader answer: Is the principle of social justice needed today? And that *Man* may live, must there be, not an ant-hill system, but a living social form that nurtures the inward need of every human being to create and to share his inward vision and values? If your answer is Yes, then there is need in the world of what has been, with evolving clarity, for nearly thirty hundred years, the Jewish principle. And as if history urged that this cardinal dual need of the world may yet be the peculiar business of the Jewish people (there have always been, in all nations, saintly and isolated men who lived and died for it, as greatly as any Jew), the need stands most forcibly answered in the work of two Jews—Jews of a "new remnant," Marx and Spinoza.

I place Marx first, because in the perspective of function, he comes first—although Spinoza lived two centuries before him and profoundly influenced his thinking. Marx, from the Jewish premise of history as an organism evolving toward "good," has given to the industrial world a realistic logic and a technique of social justice. Time, of course, has amended or refuted many details of his plan; yet it is none the less categorical that every man who wants to *enact* social justice in the modern world must be a Marxist in spirit although he may reject certain Marxist dogmas. The modern Jew, if he is to exist, must interpret Marx as a prophet as surely as his forebears interpreted Moses and Isaiah. Marx (despite chronology) comes before Spinoza. Because the social discord is a disease immediately threatening the survival of civilized mankind; and because collective consciousness comes before true self-consciousness. Marx without Spinoza is an imperative, immediate, primitive first step in action. Spinoza, without Marx, remains an abstract philosophy, removed from possible action.

But as Marx is the man who most surely projected the prophetic aspiration of social justice into a workable modern program, Spinoza is the prophet who has completed the depersonalizing and purifying of the knowledge of God into the God of inwardness, of substance and of action. If Marx carries on Moses and Ezra, Spinoza carries on Isaiah and Jesus. It is he who has best established the organic being of God *in* matter and in human thought; who has made rational the ancient mystic intuition that the cosmic dwells within the man in so far as the man grows self-conscious. By giving value to matter in a form acceptable to the age of science, Spinoza will crown the work of Marx, who gives reality to a program of social justice in the age of machines.

Now, it may be that Spinoza and Marx are the swan-song of Jewry: the final message of a great people before its ultimate death. It may be that the work of unifying and enacting their contributions shall fall to other peoples. There is Russia in the world, and China, and there are the two Americas: from such virgin soil may come the fulfilment of the prophets. I do not know. But I do know that, if the Jew is to survive as an organic group, he must enact his modern prophets as his fathers (after rejecting them, also) enacted the prophets of Scripture. And I conclude these pages by broadly sketching what the modern Jewish way of living must be.

To begin with (for, I repeat—in the field of action, Marx comes before Spinoza), the Jew must renounce loyalty to the exploiting class. Without that, all his "service" is a "vain oblation." Today, as twenty-six centuries ago, the word of the prophet is true:

> Bring no more vain oblations;
> It is an offering of abomination unto Me;
> New moon and sabbath, the holding of convocations—
> I cannot endure iniquity along with solemn assembly....
> Cease to do evil;
> Learn to do well;
> Seek justice....

"*Learn* to do well!" In our industrial world, this means active allegiance to the class whose historic function it is to abolish economic exploitation—the base of social injustice—by doing away with economic classes altogether. This new allegiance will not be easy; since the Jews for centuries have been forced to earn their bread within the middle class, it will have the value, by itself, of a religious conversion. But this new loyalty as a group does not mean that the Jew will be submerged in the working class or in any proletarian body like the Communists. He must fight for the workers (and the farmer and the intellectual, too, are workers), help them with his brain and body; but he may be detached from them, at least at present, because of his particular stewardship of individual values—"the realm of God," in each man, with which the harried and hungry worker has not had time to grow familiar.

The revolutionary proletariat cannot trouble about God. There are good functional reasons for the atheism of the Marxists. The word God has been monopolized so long by the apologists of the class of exploitation: theologians, philosophers, poets! To detach (as Spinoza did) the reality in God from all the accumulated lies is a problem that calls for subtlety beyond the present anguished state of the masses; for energy that the masses and their immediate leaders *cannot spare* from the day's struggle. It is unhistorical to expect the active revolutionist of our time to do more than reject the false "God" of the churches and the synagogues. Yet the true experience of God, even in the heat of revolutionary battle, must not die. When the first Marxist ends are won and man is freed from animal penury and fear into the human stage of security and leisure, the individual must find life good: and this can be only through the Spinozistic sense of God. Against that liberated day, the experience of the divine in mortal life must be preserved. Wherefore, there is need today of a people, scattered

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through the nations, that know and nurture the experience of God. By the tradition of ages, by their ancient prophets and their modern thinkers, the Jews have inherited the challenge and the *right* to be such a people.

This Jewish "remnant"—and only the remnant, through the ages, has preserved the Jew—will be loyal to the class of social revolution; but through its consciousness of God it will be still separate, and must remain so. It will understand its functional "atheism," and not demand that it be understood in return. The God in man will be the still secret treasure it must lovingly preserve against the day when men, free of fear and hunger, learn to look within themselves where God is. Thus, the Jews will still be a peculiar people. And they will be subject to the dislike and distrust of the proletarian zealot for whom the word God is anathema; although it was in the name of God that his values of social justice and individual dignity were preserved and prepared, through the barbaric ages.

Now, a majority cannot rise to so high a challenge of rebirth. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, professional men and politicians, even artisans and mechanics among the Jews, will not yield their old allegiance to the middle class, although that class turns (as it is turning!) against them. And these will disappear in the general human welter, as Jews have disappeared in Assyria, Babylon, Alexandria and Rome. But what a magnificent remnant there may be! The teacher, the doctor, the engineer, the clear-eyed man of commerce who knows and hates its rottenness, the Jewish worker and the student—above all, the Jewish student! Already, these are on the side of the productive class that alone holds the energy to remake the world. Already, they accept Marx. Let them fulfill this knowledge with devotion to the inward value—the God whom Spinoza has explored in man and in matter—and there will be again, in the world, a Jewish remnant!

Persecution? It is already here, even in America; and as the capitalistic era shrinks, darkens and despairs, it will grow worse. The lesson of Hitler in offering the Jew as the traditional scapegoat for the accumulated rage of a bewildered people, is bound to be learned; already we have our little Hitlers, profiteers of suffering stupidity and blindness. The Jewish people are going to suffer. And for those who are individually and innocently hurt, and who know not why, there can be no soothing words. Before their anguish, we can only bow our heads, humbly, as they enact the world-old mystery of pain. But at least, for the conscious Jew, the real Jew, there will again be reason for Jewishness, reason to bear his persecution; and comrades to help him bear it. And if individual Jews die, their death will be in the cause of humane life; and no man can ask a higher guerdon. And the history of the Jews will hearten them with knowledge, that when a people is ready to be persecuted and to die for a good cause, the cause lives—and the people.

WALDO FRANK.

They Say Women Are Emancipated

THE MIDDLE-CLASS woman prides herself upon her smart appearance, her modern attitude of mind and her ability to compete with men. She must therefore be bewildered and chagrined to observe how lightly her advance has been taken by the magazines she is expected to read. Although a hundred and thirty-eight years have passed since separate periodicals for women first appeared in this country, the modern ones still retain the old pattern of the Victorian Lady-Book. It was fitting that the women of the earlier period should accept a world of limited interests. They were told that "to be lovely you must be content to be women; to be mild, social and sentimental—to be acquainted with all that belongs to your department, and leave the masculine virtues and the profound researches of study to the province of the other sex."

In 1933 there is an entirely new universe for women. Yet whether they are aware of, or interested in, this boundless horizon is a question which the perusal of the five most popular ten-cent magazines for women presents. Take The Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, The Delineator, The Pictorial Review and McCall's over a six-month period and compare them with Godey's, Graham's and Peterson's magazines, the most popular Lady-Books of the mid-nineteenth century. The latter retailed sentimental fiction, essays, biographical sketches, short articles on literature, art, travel, poetry and music. There was a book-review department and a monthly chat with the editor. In addition, there were colored fashion plates, style notes and steel engravings. Departments of cookery, needlework, architecture, home decoration and beauty completed the offerings.

The fiction of the earlier period has been described by its own contemporaries. The literary critic W. A. Jones in 1844 said, "The mass of the matter is inanity itself." Another writer spoke of "stories of fashionable life the most insipid of themes . . . stories in which the women are always angels, the men either Adonises or Calibans, life always a ball room, and in which flirtations and marriages are represented as the great ends of existence." Poe explained that he resigned as editor of Graham's because of his disgust "at the namby-pamby character of the magazine. . . . I allude to

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the contemptible pictures, fashion plates, music and love tales."

Today there is still a superabundance of sentimentality. Love and Duty battle as of old for the maiden who in the end is always able to satisfy both. Usually the struggle takes place in a well appointed home or in one where luxury is but temporarily banished. Society is seductively pictured. Dangerous situations are politely hinted at, but never actually occur in print. Stories for Cinderellas abound, and continue to waken in the hearts of the readers the delightful expectation of the Fairy Prince.

Serials by well known writers are to be found in both the old and the new magazines, and the names of many established authors figure in the lists of contributors. Whether they uphold the best standards of which they are capable or write merely what they think the women of the country want is a matter of individual opinion. It is difficult, however, to see how the majority of these stories can interest intelligent readers.

In the fashion departments are attractive colored plates similar to those of the earlier period with the same kind of fashion notes from Paris. Recipes and needlework continue to occupy positions of importance. The interior-decorating departments, under the guise of "good taste," endeavor to establish the prevailing styles which manufacturers are trying to make popular. Suggestions for child-rearing occupy more space in modern periodicals, as does also the art of female beautification. Gardening, too, is more popular.

Editorial policy offers a further point of comparison. McCall's has no editorial page, while The Pictorial Review and The Delineator confine their departments to an appreciation of the contents of the journals. Only The Ladies' Home Journal and The Woman's Home Companion emulate ancient Godey's by offering editorial comment on subjects of pertinent interest to all citizens. The pity is that they do not follow up their remarks with discussions pro and con in the body of their magazines.

Another striking similarity appears in the fact that virtually no discussions of public affairs occur in the magazines of either period. One hundred years ago, of course, women were not interested in such matters, and the periodicals kept their contents ladylike and free from all disagreeable intrusions of political, social and economic problems. This was as men thought proper and what most women wanted. Godey's, comfortably seated in its proper drawing room, lulled by its sweetly moral stories, knitted and crocheted knick-knacks and chit-chatted about fashions while the nation lay torn and bleeding in the throes of a great civil war. And as was to be expected, it emerged entirely unscathed by the upheaval.

Our country has been passing through a similar upheaval, not so destructive, but carrying in its wake problems of unprecedented gravity. Observe the contents of our modern magazines and see how far they reflect the world and the new interests of women. The ordinary reader of The Delineator in the period from November, 1932, to April, 1933, might marvel at the choice of topics commanding special attention. Of the twenty-two articles, four concerned travel, three bridge, one each children, dogs, music, the stage and the movies, besides one biographical sketch, one article on a social-economic subject and seven others on a variety of topics difficult to classify, ranging from Mickey Mouse to a New England Thanksgiving. Only in one article, called "The Human Price of a Bargain," does the magazine consider any subject connected with current problems of living. The women reflected in the journal are playing bridge instead of crocheting as Godey's ladies did, but, true to their ladylike heritage, they still cling to a world in which politics and economics have no part.

The Pictorial Review featured fifty-one special articles. Thirteen were concerned with beauty, six were heart-to-heart talks, six offered suggestions for better buying, four discussed marriage and possible jobs for women, three gossiped about movie stars, two lightly brushed economic subjects, two treated current problems and two related the progress of the arts, while architecture, music, peace and foreign affairs were given one apiece. The remainder included an interview with Mrs. Roosevelt on her philosophy, one on the "Forgotten Husband," a biographical sketch and a descriptive article about Christmas in a foreign land. While women are told how to be good buyers, they are not informed about plans which will make them able to buy. The articles on foreign affairs, peace and economics were very brief. The two articles on current problems were the only ones which pretended to go beneath the surface. In a grudging way, this magazine permits its readers a guarded peep into the outside world.

Out of the thirty-two articles featured by The Ladies' Home Journal, four dealt with the political, economic or international situation. The political articles included a discussion of the wives of the candidates and an appraisal of Mrs. Roosevelt. One treated the depression as it affected individuals and gave suggestions how to meet the problems. Another on "The World in 1933," by Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, struck the keynote of this survey of women's journals, namely, a plea that women should know more about the times in which they are living. If Mrs. McCormick edited a women's magazine, she would make the world as fascinating to her readers as new recipes and fashion hints.

Among the remaining twenty-eight features, women were introduced to the engaging spectacle of Alice Roosevelt Longworth tripping lightly along the flowery path; in four articles Billy Sunday stormed his way along the Sawdust Trail. Even

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though this journal has special departments for fashions and cookery, there were five additional articles given over to these subjects. Medical topics were treated three times, charge accounts twice, religion, children, literature and women as jury members, once. Two miscellaneous features complete the list. It is unfortunate that this magazine does not follow Mrs. McCormick's lead and plunge into the invigorating surf of a real world, but perhaps the depression has made the water too cold just now. It is content with just paddling around.

As McCall's divides its contents into Romance, Your Home and Yourself, it is difficult to pick out the featured articles. For it, problems of national politics and economics do not exist. Foreign affairs were lightly touched in two articles on Manchuria. A letter from Mrs. Roosevelt on present-day civic duties was the only expression of possible responsibilities of citizenship. Among the other features were four on child care, three on a personal-savings plan, one on Frances Perkins, one on wayside hospitality, and a monthly survey of the latest events in the world of creative art. This journal felt entirely safe in including in the interests of women the sky above and the sea beneath as described by M. Piccard and Mr. Beebe.

Of the five periodicals, The Woman's Home Companion was the only one that evidenced a partial realization of the positive force a women's journal might be in informing its readers about the government under which they live and their responsibilities as citizens. Of the thirty articles specially featured, ten treated politics and civic duties, six were heart-to-heart talks, four concerned literary subjects, four child training, two travel, one each football, music, medicine and electricity. It is a pity that there was no mention of international affairs or any articles on the grave problems which the present crisis has created.

In summary, how far can it be said that women's magazines enlighten their readers in regard to the modern world of which they are a part? During the six-month period, the five periodicals offered no major articles on power control, immigration, farm problems, economic planning, child welfare, education, the labor movement, taxation or international affairs. Peace and governmental economy were honored with one article each. This seems to indicate that the millions of readers of these journals are content to have their interests dictated by editors who deliberately cater to the lazy-minded women of the country.

The horizon of women one hundred years ago was definitely restricted by superimposed conventions; today the sky is the limit. Wherever the individual interests of women may lead, there is no concentrated public opinion to force them back into their homes. Without question, the contents of these magazines represent some of the interests of the sex. Yet women as well as men have felt the personal touch of our economic life during the recent bank holiday. Gas and electric-light bills come monthly, and this means that the question of power and of public utilities has actually entered the door of the home. The political world envelops both male and female and it must be humiliating for women to confess that they are ignorant of the topics of the day.

It is an accepted fact that women have more leisure to follow the education of their children than men. Yet no articles deal with education. Women's interest in the child might be encouraged to reach out from the home to embrace the welfare of the nation's children. Surely mothers and sisters of the country are also interested in the peace movement, for the last great human conflagration has demonstrated that progress in civilization goes hand in hand with international friendliness. Nor can anyone successfully deny the essential interest of women as well as men in the other topics so blandly ignored.

With twelve million subscribers and each periodical having an average of three readers, one must recognize their tremendous influence. In Middletown the Lynds, after visiting 9,200 homes, discovered that 7,164 bought the five journals discussed in this article, while 1,500 took The Saturday Evening Post, 934 The Literary Digest, 350 The National Geographic Magazine, 35 The Atlantic Monthly, 20 Harper's, 20 The Century, 15 The New Republic. This evidence indicates that in the homes of the twelve million subscribers these are virtually the only magazines taken. Except for the daily papers and the radio, the women taking these periodicals have no other opportunities to glimpse the world beyond their doorstep.

Since millions of middle-class women with leisure to read subscribe for these magazines, it is difficult to say that women are dissatisfied with the contents. In the face of such testimony it is safe to assume that, despite the limitless vistas which feminine emancipation has opened, a large number of the sex prefer the restricted outlook afforded by these modern counterparts of the old-fashioned Lady-Books of the past century.

But what about the editors who plan these magazines? Fortified by huge subscription lists and with one-third to one-half of the pages of their magazines filled with advertising, they have no cause to be concerned about the state of their journals. Yet the fact that the magazine with the least limited intellectual scope, The Women's Home Companion, has the largest circulation would indicate that a New Deal in women's journals might be a paying proposition.

Until editors understand this fact, they will not be rendering to the cause of democracy the great service of helping to train millions of women and girls for intelligent citizenship. At this crisis of the world's affairs, no service is more sorely needed and none would be more fruitful of results.

ELIZABETH BANCROFT SCHLESINGER.

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Washington Notes

The Middle Road to Inflation—Bankers without Prestige—Professor Grove's Brief Career —The Phantom of the Treasury

IT IS difficult to write intelligently about the administration's financial program at a time when the atmosphere is ringing with the cries of the extremists on both sides of the currency question, and when an administration move in the direction of dollar stabilization is forecast at any moment. It is possible, however, to repeat my conviction that the President himself is not an extremist on this or any other issue with which he is now dealing. When he moves, it is not likely to be very far in either direction, and will not, I think, completely satisfy either those now enthusiastically applauding his trend to the left, or those who believe that inherently he belongs to the right. The truth is that Mr. Roosevelt is a real middle-of-the-road man, whose first impulses are liberal and who likes to consider himself "forward looking," but whose congenital caution, environment and education always stop him from indulging his impulses freely and fully. This, I think, he has demonstrated repeatedly since he became President.

Mr. Roosevelt is at his best as a compromiser and a conciliator. It is the sort of role, too, he deeply enjoys. He likes to get clashing individuals or groups together in a room and, through his personal charm and ingenuity, bring them together. He did that with the steel men and Mr. Eastman. He did it with General Johnson and George Peek—not, however, with complete success—and he has done it on many other occasions. In this financial business, no one who has studied the man and has any first-hand knowledge of his psychology expects him to cut completely away from the old system or wholly to return to it. Before this is printed, he may—probably will—have acted, but it will be a great surprise if the action pleases either the real inflationists or those who look with abhorrence upon any deviation from the former standard. However, it is, I think, altogether probable that Mr. Roosevelt's course will be satisfactory to the great bulk of the people who, understanding very little about the merits of the currency controversy, are not anxious for either a radical reorganization of the system or a complete retention of the *status quo ante*.

In certain quarters friendly to the President there has been some concern lest the opposition, utilizing that potent phrase "sound money," become strong enough to menace the power of Mr. Roosevelt over Congress and endanger the Democratic control of the next House. Their argument is that essentially this is a sound-money country and that, whenever the issue between hard and soft money has been raised, the mass of the voters incline to the hard-money side. That, I think, has been true in the past and it may still be true under ordinary conditions. These apprehensions, however, do not seem to me well grounded at this time. As I have pointed out, Mr. Roosevelt is too canny a politician to permit this issue to be raised in such a way as to throw him definitely on one side. In addition, no matter how far he experiments to the left, the old currency division is not apt to be duplicated, chiefly because the other side has always been, is now and will be in the future, directed and dominated by the big bankers, with their supporting journalistic and business connections.

The hostility of public feeling toward bankers is too clear to dispute and hard to exaggerate. In whatever Mr. Roosevelt does along new lines in fiscal policy, this sentiment will be with him, and it is not a sentiment confined either to West or South. It covers the country. It got a tremendous impetus with the Mitchell and Morgan revelations months ago, and anyone who thinks that Mr. Wiggin, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Dillon and others who have performed before the Senate Committee in the last few months have not contributed to solidify and augment this feeling, knows little of the facts. The whole Roosevelt course—his declarations about the "money changers," his freedom from Morgan advisers, his friendship with the progressive Republicans, his gestures toward public-utility ownership, and the known closeness to him of so many genuine liberals, all create the public impression that Mr. Roosevelt is against Wall Street and that Wall Street is against him.

Neither of these propositions is wholly true, though there is considerable truth in both. The fact remains, however, that the people generally have that feeling and are still prone to support the President in whatever stand he takes —even when they do not know where it will lead, and even when it compromises with two conflicting elements. The gist of all this is that Mr. Roosevelt can afford to continue his financial experiment without losing the support of anything like all the voters whom the banking element has heretofore always been able to frighten away from a public man who dared be even slightly unorthodox in the matter of the gold standard.

But, getting away from the broad aspects of this question and coming down to Treasury details, it seems to me that one incident of last week, which was accompanied by no adequate explanation, should not be entirely passed over. I refer to the dismissal—because that is what it was—of Professor Groves of the University of Wisconsin. At the same time the President announced the retirement of Acheson and Morgenthau's appointment, he also announced that Professor Groves had been made chief tax adviser for the Treasury. The selection met with considerable commendation and no criticism. Dr. Groves is a recognized expert, particularly in the matter of tax-exempt securities. It was generally understood that he was to prepare the tax program of the administration for presentation to the next Congress. One of the first acts of young Mr. Morgenthau was to bounce Professor Groves out of his new job. Moreover, it was done without any real explanation or reason. The silly quibble that he had not met the Civil Service test was first advanced by the new Treasury head, but that he abandoned when it was pointed out that neither had the successor he had chosen. Then he fell back on the statement that he wanted his own man in this post and thought he had the right to select him. Perhaps he had, but it none the less seems that Professor Groves has been subjected to a totally unnecessary humiliation. The Professor himself refrained from making any statement and returned to Wisconsin a few days ago.

Altogether, there is a certain amount of mystery about this incident, which is, so far as I know, unprecedented.

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The President of the United States announces one day the selection of a recognized authority for an important post. Three days later the new Acting Secretary of the Treasury, without apparent cause or adequate reason, removes this authority and replaces him with a man of his own choice. If anything like that has happened before, I do not remember it. It could not have been that Dr. Groves's advice was unsound or unsatisfactory, because he had not had time to give any advice. It could not be that his work was not good, because he had not started to work. He could not have had any differences with Mr. Morgenthau, because there had been nothing to differ about and he was known to be in harmony with the Warren plan. The thing is a puzzle. I have asked a good many people, in and out of the Treasury, but have found no one who had even a plausible answer. Perhaps ex-Governor Philip La Follette, whose friend Dr. Groves is, will know the story, but he is not available at the moment. The only word that comes here from the La Follettes is that they are dissatisfied with the Roosevelt program, not because it goes too far, but because it does not go far enough. They think the N.R.A. is bogging down because the Director is letting up. Whatever else they are, these La Follette boys are not compromisers. You at least know exactly where they stand.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How to Lose the People's Confidence, or Some Odd Appointments—Does the President Know?—A Russian Guarantee

IN LAST week's issue of The New Republic I called attention, by printing a telegram sent to the President, to that weird appointment of Earle Bailie as assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury in fiscal matters. Bailie is referred to in Wall Street as the dominating partner in the firm of J. and W. Seligman, Wall Street bankers. Their chief claim to public notice in the last year was the merciless exposure of their methods in South American financing. The choice morsel of that episode was the bribery of the Peruvian President's son in connection with the ill fated Peruvian loan. These items are recalled now in another connection. Much has been heard about the need for revising the Securities Act, passed at the last session of Congress. The demand comes from Wall Street and Wall Street investment bankers who have brought losses of billions of dollars to American investors through the sale of worthless and near worthless bonds and stocks. At the present moment an effort is on foot under the auspices of the Secretary of Commerce to bring about a revision of that Act. Many strange things go on in the Department of Commerce. That is the present habitat of the group of financiers and industrialists, including Myron Taylor of the United States Steel Corporation, Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors and many others, who sit as the advisory council of the N.R.A. It was this council, apparently supported by the Secretary of Commerce, which recently recommended that the great "liberal" experiment, the N.R.A., be turned over to the Chamber of Commerce.

Also, it is the Department of Commerce which brings into being a committee made up of three Wall Street lawyers, one of them the most active enemy of the Securities Act on behalf of the investment bankers, as a committee to propose the changes in that Act. And now comes the following choice morsel. About two weeks before Mr. Morgenthau was named Secretary of the Treasury, he was approached by a New York banker, who inquired what the plans were for the Securities Act. Mr. Morgenthau replied that he understood some very material changes were to be made in the Act. And then he added that the banker could get more specific information from Mr. Earle Bailie, who was handling the matter.

Can this be true? Can it be true that the acting Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet—under the New Deal—has had any hand in committing a revision of the Securities Act designed to protect the public, to the mercies of a Wall Street banker whose firm was one of the most reprehensible offenders against the public in this field of finance? Does Mr. Roosevelt know this? What do those members of his Cabinet—Frances Perkins and Secretary Ickes—and those close advisers and supporters of the President like Rexford Tugwell, think of the activities of these strange bedfellows of the New Deal? Is there any voice in Washington being raised against the extension of power to these discredited ministers of the Old Deal?

Meantime, Mr. Roosevelt goes serenely along his course enjoying the confidence of the American people, though not so completely now as a little while ago. He is excused when these things come to light. He does not know about them, say his friends. Is it possible that he did not know of the little scheme that was being hatched in the Department of Commerce to deliver the N.R.A., body and boots, to the Chamber of Commerce? Is it possible that his Secretary of the Treasury and his administrator of the N.R.A., General Johnson, would come out for such a bold measure without the President knowing anything of it? I am convinced the proposal was a trial balloon which was followed by the President's half-hearted rejection when it did not go up so well.

As for the Securities committee in that same Department of Commerce and the presence of Mr. Bailie in the Treasury and his station at an important strategic point in the hamstringing of the Securities Act, these things could not continue without the President's approval. How much more of this can the President's high reputation stand? What, for instance, must have been the impression on the crowd in the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency when the news of the appointment of the new United States District Attorney for New York reached it? There sat Ferdinand Pecora shooting relentlessly at Albert H. Wiggin, that banker whose name has now almost become a part of the language to describe the New Era banking. Beside him sat his attorney, Martin Conboy. There he has sat for many long weeks representing Wiggin. And then comes the news that Wiggin's lawyer has been named the district attorney for New York. It was a strange spot from which to pick a man. No one can impugn the honesty of Martin Conboy. He is a good lawyer and an able lawyer, though a rigid conservative. But Mr. Conboy's clients

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have been for many years among those men at whom the New Deal is aimed. Was his selection as district attorney not a piece of political ineptness, to say the least? Mr. Conboy has been a close friend of the President for many years. Is not this the reason he was selected by the cunning Mr. Wiggin to be his lawyer? Mr. Conboy might well have refused that retainer. But having accepted it, upon what sound principle of consistency can the President make him the prosecuting attorney of the very district where, perhaps, he may soon be called on to deal with some of these bankers?

While we're on the subject of the requirements of the Securities Act, I have before me a prospectus of a bond issue put out in Russia. At the bottom appears this statement: "The statements made herein are *guaranteed* to be correct and full responsibility is accepted." No modifications here. Why is that an unreasonable guarantee to ask from anyone putting out bonds—not to state that the bonds are good or will ever be paid, but that all the statements made are, without equivocation or qualification, absolutely correct?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Shadow's Shadows

Mary of Scotland, by Maxwell Anderson. Alvin Theatre, November 27, 1933.

Mr. Henry Schnakenberg's Exhibition, Kraushaar Galleries, New York City.

IT IS a platitude obvious, as are all obvious things, only to those whom it is obvious to, that a work of art is complete in itself. It is—at its own peril—free to render actuality as it chooses; and it depends on its own creative compulsion for the extent to which, by its own powers, it can make us forget the reference to actuality that is natural to us and implicit in the material. The temptation, however, to write around a historical framework is apparently irresistible; as irresistible as painting landscapes, where the artist has always to struggle against whatever observation, facts or allusion that the observer of his picture may happen already to possess. It is almost impossible, therefore, to write historical drama with such compulsion that we are made to forget history itself, to forget that combination of attitude, influences and facts that is on hand already.

We should be, therefore, just as foolish to assume that Mr. Maxwell Anderson, writing this drama of Mary, Queen of Scots, does not know what simplification or thematic distillation he gives to history, as we should be to think that a painter does not know what he has done to the trees he put into his picture. The Mary Stuart that Mr. Anderson writes about he well knows was a person most complex—tall, witty, tangled within sex in the manner peculiar to the Stuarts; impetuous, often peremptory, generous. He knows that in the light of her own time, her morals—whatever may be calumny and whatever not—were different from what we might like to take them to be; that she had lived at the French Court under Catherine de Medici, her mother-in-law, and then as queen of France, and that, whatever the charming Stuart conversation may have been, she did not return to the Scotch with mere innocent ideas of freedom and right. She had a good brain, not only ardent and agreeable, but stuffed with diplomacy. He knows how she plotted, as any Stuart had to do, and that some of her last years were haunted by the fear lest they should make away with her by poison and destroy her chance to enjoy a martyr's light. It would be silly, too, to suppose that Mr. Anderson does not know of the arguments, pro and con, about the Casket Letters, or of Mary's wonderful Renaissance tongue which knew how to skin and goad her English rival. He also knows the extent to which the Catholic element of danger and revolt came into the situation, the horrors of the Kirk introduced into politics, et cetera, et cetera. He also knows the arguments as to the extent to which Riccio was only a secretary, Darnley sheer infatuation or a policy, and Bothwell a charming hero talking about my Queen, my Girl. He knows that history like a river tends to clean itself every so often. Every historian for himself then. Dramatists likewise. He makes his own Mary Queen of Scots accordingly.

We must accept it thus, or else we could not approach Mr. Maxwell Anderson's story (based on historical vagaries, loyalties, lies and truths) as a work of art. I, myself, am not sure I should have thought to add such an introduction to this notice of his play but for the fact that some of the Guild audience I heard talking thought Mary Stuart was Bloody Mary—that saddest and most saintly of ingrown mortals—and, having read in newspaper reviews that Mary Stuart was six feet tall, were, nevertheless, willing to admit the virtues of Miss Hayes, however little Amazonian. What Mr. Anderson does with the characters, situations and plot weavings is just what Shakespeare's theatre did with Roman history or with whatever pleased him; which, in turn, is just what our American myth-making has done to Lincoln. Lincoln, beautiful though he may have become through spiritual growth, illustrated many of his points with such dirty stories as would have shocked General Grant, who, though he was in battles a smasher in the most brutal sense, never spoke an oath till he was past forty—it was then only "dog-gone"—and had all his life the squeamishness of a "maiden," a role which, indeed, he acted once with success in camp amateur theatricals, Lieutenant Grant as Desdemona, at Corpus Christi. The dramatist's problem here, then, was to make his myth and make it as complete in itself as lay within his powers.

"Mary of Scotland" begins, then, with employing a diction far, very far, from the times of Mary Stuart; the complexity, vigor and wild variety of those rich times is omitted, not employed. The verse has something of the structure of that admired in Mr. Anderson's youth—Stephen Phillips, for example, descended more or less from Tennyson. It is verse at its best reflective-lyric, not often dramatic; fortunately there was no call for it to be calculated to the same needs that sixteenth-century drama had to meet. The word-sense is, as Mr. Anderson has shown before, often beautiful. The story tells of a young queen arriving unexpected, unmet, walking into the Scottish mists and the presence of John Knox, of the Kirk, a figure well primed to Elizabeth's uses. Mary has theories of fairness and the miracles of toleration and love. Elizabeth is a part of that popular conception of Machiavelli's principles for government. Love for Bothwell becomes one of the plot's motifs, plus Darnley, to whom Mary bears a son who is to inherit the English throne. The earls are treacherous, the half-brother, James Stuart, plotting, backed by

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the English designs. The last act shows Mary in Carlisle Castle, to be kept in England. Her refusal to sign abdication papers is reduced to simple terms more or less of character, will and the comparative legends that years will bring; the Catholic issue and many others are not allowed to complicate the tragic pathos. Some of Elizabeth's speeches in this scene are superb, the best in the play.

At times, no matter how great the simplification, this story is ruffled by outside issues historically inherent. These complicate the smooth stream of the main themes; their very nature implies that it could not all have been quite so simple as the author makes it. This is precisely the situation that a painter of landscape, for instance, encounters; all will depend on his power to render his creation as free and independent of what is outside it as his purpose requires. It is here that the play often fails. Often, however, all the outside fever of the world that might flood his story Mr. Anderson is strong enough to make us forget; at such times the play remains within its own unity and on its own poetic plane.

Miss Helen Hayes, despite her diction, which needs overhauling, most of all the vowels—"specifically" is not "spurcifically," "alone" is not "ollone," etc.—accomplished an appealing unity in her performance, plus sincerity of approach. Though the fascination of Mary Stuart has not been so historically, Miss Hayes was best in the gentler, more domestic, so to speak, more reflective and more lyric passages of the role. Miss Helen Menken did herself real credit as Elizabeth, who in the writing often leapt out of diplomacy and Renaissance brains into the good old theatre villain, amiably simplified. In her final scene with Mary in prison, favorite among Mary Queen of Scots dramatists and actors—the great Ristori still echoes from that scene—Miss Menken was often excellent. Her diction is better than Miss Hayes', but both of them do not at times understand the distribution of sense stress or the extension of syllables—the place in a metrical line of such a word as "consideration," for instance—that would do better justice to Mr. Anderson's verse. Mr. Philip Merivale could give the whole company lessons in English, not the usual "motch" for "much," "bot" for "but" type so often heard from British actors nowadays or our native imitators of them, and not the semi-cockney sporting-set English, or the Oxford at its far extreme, but English like that of the Terry family of actors, or that of the unpublicized high aristocracy and certain county families. Mr. Merivale's Bothwell, granted the D'Artagnan aspect that seemed prescribed for him, is smooth with familiar stage delights. Either he does not permit himself, or else has not been permitted, the full metrical resonation of verse reading that lies within his cultivation and that would remove some of the scenes on to stronger planes.

The settings by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones may, perhaps, be allowed to be at the same distance from the period's complications as the play is; they are not important or haunting dramatically. Something of the same thin simplication may, if you like, be said of the costumes. Elizabeth's one grand dress—the other two were milder and but so-so, though the real Elizabeth left three thousand different habits in her closet when she died—was good, very good, despite that same jewel in the wig that we had seen at the play's start, years before—this decked and greedy Elizabeth who got many a jewel out of embassies, suitors and fortune hunters as they waited her decisions! Otherwise I cannot understand the monotony of texture and intention in the other costumes, so very far from the extravagance, richness and complexity of that era. In the scene where, after their defeat, Mary visits Bothwell, her costume is a spanking new red-leather jacket and cap or "bonnet," with modern gloves—though gloves were endlessly meaningful in those days and astonishingly varied—where we might have had some costume of escape, some cloak, perhaps, or some fine gown whose state might tragically express her circumstance. Mary herself, before whom men's hearts beat then and still beat, might almost have been slicing bread in a Chardin, what with those plain satin gowns and that repeated cap that so defied the record of those famous laces and points, wired and stitched for that lovely head.

For this whole occasion the cadence of rhythm and theme belongs to Mr. Anderson; the acting, because of the unity of labor and the sweetness of a certain whole sincerity, to Miss Hayes.

Miss Margaret Breuning, of The New York Evening Post, in reviewing the exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, happily sums up a whole facet of Mr. Henry Schnakenberg's painting, at its best, that is, when she writes of that investment "with a quality of permanence, as opposed to a transient aspect; through complexity of detail a general idea is reached." It is of a landscape that she is speaking, and of which her observation is so accurately made. In this exhibition there is a group of water colors, two of them small sand backgrounds with the fruits of the sea lying on them, charming, chic and decorative pieces, done with a touch all *con amore* and with a steady ease of eye that is most convincing; and there are figure paintings, portraits, landscapes and still-lifes.

Of these the portraits seem to me least interesting, though the small self-portrait counts well. The several portraits of women give, to me at least, very little impression of what the artist thinks of them, though there is a hint of what they think of themselves. As a result, the subjects seem hardly worth while; which is really only another way of saying not that this subject matter is not worth the painting, but—what is much sounder esthetics—the painting is not worth them. The flowers against a background of something like a toile de Jouy, present a canvas warm, bright and quiet at the same time; and, like the sand pictures and numerous others, suggest the pleasure of putting them on the walls of a house, a quality which this painter, with his honesty and taste, is not too swollen, vagrant, inexpert or unsalable to despise. The ambitious "Basketball," made up of figures pyramidally set toward that suspension in air which bothered even Tintoretto, needs more study. The larger still-life of "Chinese Cabbage" shows a blaze of color in admirable brush textures, which only emphasize the stronger design-force that is wanting. A pendant to the large and very fine "Earth and Sky," now in the Springfield Museum, is called "A Pastoral Landscape." The design at the picture's center does not float with ease, or settle, not yet, but otherwise the qualities of its companion piece are here achieved anew. The several paintings of Charleston, though far better than most such canvases, are much below the best in Mr. Schnakenberg's exhibition. They have a sense of genuine reminiscence, but evince a mood that is achieved more through tone and less

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through organization, so that their chief life, which is painting, is obscured in a kind of scenic indulgence or concern.

The best of the landscapes, however, show an admirable brush, which along with the color has a slightly austere voluptuousness that is remarkable. There is nothing soft or mooning about it, but rather something that resonates the intervals, as it were, in the design. This is rare praise for any man's painting. These landscapes of Mr. Schnakenberg's afford a virile exhibition far from art patter and with no need of any *réclame* of babbling clichés. They have content as well as scenery. They secure their pattern without appearing to strangle nature. We perceive in each of them a central force of the painter's mind, through which they become organized. The crowded detail to be found in nature is carried into a certain crowded rendering, both in the design and the execution, but through a complete organization accomplished by the artist, independently of his subject, it arrives at a simplicity like nature's. Looking at the "Pastoral," it is interesting to reflect that a strong subject, like that of this great valley, will inevitably invoke the banality and mush in a poor artist, more sensitive to the scene than to his art. But for a real painter like Mr. Schnakenberg, the same strong subject, through the volume of his response to it, carries its own discipline; and the happy, solemn and full life of the eye there, quiets and intensifies his record. STARK YOUNG.

Men of My Century Loved Mozart

Changed by this last enchantment of our kind
That still had power with our Protean souls—
This keeping charm that could constrain the mind
As nymphs in amber or in woody boles
Of oak the live limbs by the spell confined—
Changed to ourselves by this enforcing hand
We lay like silver naked Proteus on the sand:

The pelt fell from us and the sea-cow's shape
The fish's scarlet the shark's wrinkled skin
The seal's eyes and the brine-encircled nape
The foam's evasion the down-diving fin—
All cheats and falsehoods of our vain escape:
Changed to ourselves sea-sleeked and dripping yet
Our limbs lay caught and naked in the taking net:

The pure deliberate violence of the sun
Burned for an instant at our wincing eyes:
We gasped in air and struggled on the stone:
Our knees were twisted in the knotted plies:
Then suddenly to roping sand would run
The cord that bound us on that blazing shore:
We plunged in sea and breathed the grateful dark once more:

Never did we hear Mozart but the mind
Fished from its feeding in some weedy deep
And wound in web that would more closely bind
The more it altered from itself did keep
One moment in that bond its perfect kind—

Never when we would question it but shone
Through breaking cordage silver and the god was gone.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

A Note on Hopper

MANY PEOPLE believe that Edward Hopper isn't an artist at all. His non-spectacular realism offends them and they are willing to read into his restraint an actual lack of emotion, an inability to look behind the architecture, sunlight, wind and sky that he sets before us. They will have an opportunity to voice their objection in witnessing his retrospective exposition at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, to recite Robert Henri's old complaint against him.

The exhibition proves, I think, that Hopper's relationship to his immediate contemporaries, Rockwell Kent, Coleman and Sloan, is of the most superficial order, and that by direct comparision with them it is possible to misinterpret his intentions, to underrate the quality of his realism and to attack him for not being a mystic. As long as there is an argument against Eakins and Homer, there will be a similar objection raised against Hopper, for he belongs to the tradition that they have established; we must accept him on their terms. He has proved for our generation at least that honesty need not be accompanied by dullness or inadequately expressed intentions. His sense of an American reality includes solid craftsmanship and the art of redesigning architectural masses into coherent form. If his America often seems bright and empty, very well, we must grant him the right to interpret what he sees, whether it is the lighthouse at Two Lights or the harsh interior of a hotel bedroom. He has his own distrust of mere technical brilliance, for he has said of his water colors, "They're too much like Sargent's," knowing well that his sense of form and his love of sunlight for sunlight's sake would rise to the surface of rapidly completed work.

In this exhibition, which covers a period of twenty-five years, "Williamsburg Bridge, 1928," remains his masterpiece. Its architectural firmness, its warmth of color (a strength which is also shown in "Freight Cars at Gloucester") are characteristic Hopper. Surely nothing will destroy the interpretive justice of the Williamsburg canvas; it will represent the American city for many years to come, the empty windows of its tenements looking outward in bleak sunlight. Following this comes his "Early Sunday Morning," and then his "House by the Railroad, 1925." The latter canvas is, I think, the best historical comment ever made by an American painter: Here are the eighteen-eighties in the fretwork of the large white frame house and in the foreground is the railroad track. No further statement is necessary, for to say more would be mere repetition or literary digression. The new "Barber Shop" canvas repeats something of the same effects produced in "Tables for Ladies" of 1930, and is therefore less interesting than the fine landscape, "Camel's Hump," the most convincing example of Hopper's very recent craftsmanship in the current exhibit.

It is characteristic of Hopper to find little solace away from New York City and New England. On a visit to New Mexico in 1925 he was tortured by lack of subject matter; at last he found "Locomotive, D. and R.G." and he no longer felt that he was wasting time. This anecdote reveals, I think, the source of his great strength, his poetic insight into the nature of his own problems, and certainly, his limitations. HORACE GREGORY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

One Road to War

SIR: I have just read your article, "Withdraw from Europe." It seems to me you ignore the fact that the United States signed a separate treaty with Germany agreeing, as did the Allies, to disarm to Germany's level. As I remember, the clauses in the two treaties are identical. You criticize, perhaps justly, the Allies for their failure to disarm, but I find no word of criticism for the failure of the United States to disarm, although you must know as a student of international affairs that such failure on our part has had a powerful effect on world disarmament.

Recently a speaker here in St. Louis told us that our percentage of increase in naval armament was 197 percent over 1924. If that be true, how can you justify it, or, if not justifying it, how can you fail to ignore its effect on world disarmament!

Your position seems to me to be that we are "set apart" and must prepare to defend our "neutral position" in the rapidly approaching war. You admit that it is an extremely difficult job to maintain neutrality. Past history has proved that it is an impossible job. There is not the slightest reason to believe that we shall be able to do it in case there is another European war. Far too many Americans are counting on that war to pull us out of the hole, regardless of the fact that it is largely on account of the last war that we got into the hole.

Why, then, do you counsel this great and powerful nation to concentrate all its efforts on attempting the impossible? Why not accept Germany's challenge and join the other nations at Geneva and throw our whole weight into an honest effort to obtain universal and total abolition of armaments? Why indeed? There is a reason, which I think I know, but I would like to see your answer to the second of the above questions.

ALVES LONG.

St. Louis, Mo.

[This letter is typical of the way some pacifists make war. Regarding the first question, we agree with the author that the United States has shared responsibility for failure to disarm, but its responsibility is decidedly less than that of European nations. The size of its army has never been in question, and it has always been ready seriously to undertake joint naval limitations, the chief obstacles to which lay elsewhere. But it is the attitude embodied in the second question that may get us into another war. First you assume that neutrality is impossible. Then you line up with France, "in an honest effort to obtain universal and total disarmament." You do this, knowing that the conditions France imposes as a price of any disarmament at all is that you guarantee her security by agreeing to use "sanctions"—military and economic—against any "aggressor." In other words, you become the ally of France in freezing the structure of Europe as fixed by the Treaty of Versailles. Germany challenges this inequitable settlement. Whether rightly or wrongly, this challenge is bound sometime to cause trouble, and we should be engaged to fight.—THE EDITORS.]

Can Governor Rolph Be Impeached?

SIR: Would you like to answer the following questions, in your columns or otherwise:

1. Is there any concerted action arising to remove Governor Rolph from office?
2. What grounds of removal can be sought?
   (a) Does the Governor take oath to support the Constitution of the United States?
   (b) Are there any other federal instrumentalities against a state Governor?
3. Can Governor Rolph be indicted for murder or for "compounding a felony"?
4. Have the parents of the accused kidnapers ground for an action of libel against Governor Rolph? or is he immune?
5. Will the American Bar Association or the American Civil Liberties Union probably take action toward removal of Governor Rolph?

Governor Rolph of California has been guilty of a grave crime not only against morality but perhaps also against more definite authority in first encouraging and afterwards condoning the lynching of two young men accused of a kidnaping and murder. There is some doubt whether the young men were guilty; there seems none about Rolph.

The removal of Rolph should result almost automatically in the release from prison of Tom Mooney.

Suffern, N. Y. HERBERT HARVEY.

For the Scottsboro Defense

SIR: In Decatur, Alabama, seven innocent Negro boys for the third time are facing death in the electric chair or at the hands of a lynch mob. Judge W. W. Callahan has replaced Judge James E. Horton as trial judge. He has allotted only three days for each trial—making it impossible for the defense to present its case adequately. The speeding up of the trials increases expenses of the defense. It means that the time to raise available defense funds has been cut; that witnesses must be got together more hurriedly, and held together in readiness for the trials for a longer period. The expenses of maintaining a legal staff, and as much physical protection as can be afforded for the lawyers, witnesses and defendants to supplement the entirely inadequate guards provided by the state, are also greatly increased.

The International Labor Defense has at its disposal none of that "Moscow gold" to which the capitalist-press correspondents so cunningly referred when the organization was obliged to spend $50 a day in fees for a hand-writing expert to prove the forgery of names of Negroes on the Jackson County Grand Jury roll. The money which has supported the organization in its fight to keep the Scottsboro boys alive has come in nickels and dimes from workers white and black all over the country, and from liberal sympathizers. We have received word from Decatur that unless money for the expenses of the defense down there was immediately forthcoming, the whole case was in danger of collapse. Thousands of dollars have been spent, and thousands more are immediately needed, to carry on the defense of the Scottsboro boys. We ask your readers to demonstrate their sympathy with the case of the Scottsboro defense by contributing to its support. Funds should be sent to the International Labor Defense, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

LOUIS COLMAN.
International Labor Defense.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

D. P. DRAKE, of Saint Louis, writing in reference to John Flynn's department, "Other People's Money," makes the comment that the very banks, brokerage houses and investment bankers that are now being investigated have long had their "vigilance committees" and committees on business conduct, and have long prated of their ethics. Mr. Drake points out that in particular the Better Business Bureau has not criticized one of the individuals or companies whose practices are now being brought to light—"for the good reason," he writes, that "the culprits themselves financed, either directly or indirectly, the Better Business Bureau." He suggests that the Senate Committee investigate the relationship.

A workers' school is being established in Columbus, Ohio, as a labor center for the unemployed, and Arnold Johnson, director of the Ohio Unemployed League, writes us that he would be glad to receive books, labor magazines or any other printed matter to form a library. He also appeals for a typewriter. All contributions of any nature should be sent to the organization at 214 East Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio.

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Winter Book Section

Yeats: Envoy of Two Worlds[1]

A LITTLE more than forty years ago, a young man walking through Fleet Street, London, saw a fountain playing behind a dingy shop window. The tinkle of water and the sight of it made him think of the lake country at home in Ireland and sharpened his desire to be away from London, its crowds, its streets, its "fat blotched faces, rising above double chins, of women who have drunk too much beer and eaten much meat." He had lately quarreled with a young workman at William Morris' house, defending as best he could, and with some heat, "religion" against the philosophy of Karl Marx. The wonder was that he had got himself into an argument of this kind, for to look at him one saw the Pre-Raphaelite poet, sensitive, withdrawn, armored against the world by his Inverness cape, well worn, his velveteen jacket and Windsor tie. Yet this very poet would spend hours listening to soap-box orators in the Park, and following the same impulse that drove him there, would drift into orderly little discussion groups that surrounded William Morris. He felt himself to be a citizen of both worlds, the visible and the unseen, walking as envoy from each into the other. For the present, nostalgia had overtaken him and he could find release only in the British Museum or in dreams of returning to Ireland, to Dublin with its eighteenth-century doorways or, better still, to an island in Lough Gill called Innisfree.

At sixty-eight William Butler Yeats remains as he was then, the citizen of two worlds, but with a difference so great that the later figure looms in the image of a twentieth-century Swift over the dwindling shadow of the earlier poet. As if to make the image clear even to those who read him thirty years ago, he has rewritten thirteen of the more important early poems, and in three instances, notably "The Sorrows of Love," "The Dedication to a Book of Stories Selected from the Irish Novelists" and "The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner," he has written new poems in their stead, retaining only the superficial structures of the old. They are so obviously improved that one could produce them as evidence of Yeats's singular growth. In this latest edition of his collected poems one must search hard for traces of his familiar Gaelic moonlight and dim hair, and turn to the last pages to find the vague "Wanderings of Oisin," "The Old Age of Queen Maeve," "The Shadowy Waters," old poems now difficult to reread and scarcely worth the effort.

In the face of this change, it might be well to retrace briefly the three successive periods in Yeats's career. For our purpose the first includes the appearance of a young lyricist whose verse was accepted and praised by William Ernest Henley and who responded, as Edmund Wilson has so sensitively observed, to the influence of Mallarmé. It was he who returned to Ireland to become the spokesman of a renaissance, a propagandist in the cause of reawakening his country to a sense of its tradition, who identified himself with its folklore and with the wisdom of its peasantry. It was of this earlier self that Yeats wrote in 1931:

> We were the last romantics—chose for theme
> Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
> Whatever's written in what poet's name
> The book of the people. . . .

The end of this phase and the beginning of the next are clearly marked in the last pages of his "Autobiography." In this transition came the break with Maud Gonne, and his essential differences with factions in the Fenian Movement; he had been made to realize only too well that he was not at his best as a mere public speaker—that his expression lay in the act of writing poetry and that the practice of his art must be regarded as a sedentary profession. Maud Gonne, who "looked as though she lived in an ancient civilization where all superiorities whether of the mind or the body were a part of public ceremonial," became the symbol of his conflict. He revived her image whenever he thought of himself as a man split between mysticism and the realities of the visible world. Again and again she was his Helen, suggesting also another Artemis and the passionate Eumenides:

> And what of her who took
> All till my youth was gone
> With scarce a pitying look?
> How could I praise that one?
> When day begins to break
> I count my good and bad,
> Being wakeful for her sake,
> Remembering what she had,
> What eagle look still shows,
> While up from my heart's root
> So great a sweetness flows
> I shake from head to foot.

Meanwhile his vision of the people, the Druid people he had come to save, was changing, and he began to see in their commingling of kings and beggars the memory of an ancient nightmare:

> Was it for this the wild geese spread
> The gray wing upon every tide;
> For this that all that blood was shed,
> For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
> And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
> All that delirium of the brave?
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave.

His public life was of the Abbey Theatre, but privately he stepped deeper into the other world, following the occult outward from Madame Blavatsky's living room, through speculations of his own that led him eastward toward Tibet. After each application of psychic research he reviewed the

[1] The Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 495 pages. $2.50.
The Winding Stair and Other Poems, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 101 pages. $2.50.

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results in the light of his own skepticism, checking each fragmentary discovery with some detail of his experience, the death of a friend, the birth of a daughter. His elegy for Major Robert Gregory was among the first examples of a style that would mark his later work; here we find the image that was to dominate the more ambitious poems of his last phase: "Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed. . . ."

In his valediction to his own "tragic generation," he wrote of Lionel Johnson that he

> Brooded upon sanctity
> Till all his Greek and Latin learning seemed
> A long blast upon the horn that brought
> A little nearer to his thought
> A measureless consummation that he dreamed.

It was this consummation, not merely in dreams but in experience, that Yeats himself was seeking; for the richness of dreams was no more than half the world to him, and mythologies were a coat worn by imitative fools—"was there ever a dog that praised his fleas?" Cleanse mind and body, for there's more enterprise in walking naked! Dreams alone were not proof of any finality, neither dreams nor beauty, neither intellect nor bookish learning—"I seek an image, not a book."

Thus, with three major poems behind him—the elegy for Robert Gregory, "Ego Dominus Tuus" and "A Prayer for My Daughter"—Yeats entered his third period. It began with "The Tower." In the same spirit that he exhausted the materials of psychic research, or rather was approaching a culmination of that research, he began to examine the finalities of retirement and disillusion. It was then that the tower-winding-stair images began to bear fruit on the nether side of middle age:

> It is time that I wrote my will;
> I choose upstanding men
>
> They shall inherit my pride,
> The pride of people that were
> Bound neither to Cause nor to State,
> Neither to slaves that were spat on,
> Nor to the tyrants who spat,
> The people of Burke and Grattan. . . .

Such was his reëntry into the modern world after retreat, after meditations in time of civil war, after the refusal to write poems of the World War. The senator of the Irish Free State was nearing the dilemma of Swift. Then:

> I declare this tower my symbol; I declare
> This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair is
> my ancestral stair;
> That Goldsmith and the Dean, Berkeley and Burke
> have traveled there.
>
> Swift beating on his breast in sibylline frenzy blind
> Because the heart in his blood-sodden breast had
> dragged him down into mankind,
> Goldsmith deliberately sipping at the honey-pot of his
> mind,
>
> And haughtier-headed Burke that proved the state a
> tree,
> That this unconquerable labyrinth of the birds, century after century,
> Cast but dead leaves to mathematical equality. . . .

And after abortive revolution and defeat, the Druid people who were to make a sorrowful, yet after sorrow, a happy Ireland—

> my song a coat
> Covered with embroideries
> Out of old mythologies—

the people went mad and, out of madness, out of the beast, the body, came a pure lyric:

> *"I AM of Ireland,*
> *And the Holy Land of Ireland,*
> *And time runs on," cried she.*
> *"Come out of charity,*
> *Come dance with me in Ireland."*
>
> * * *
>
> "The fiddlers are all thumbs,
> Or the fiddle-string accursed,
> The drums and the kettledrums
> And the trumpets all are burst,
> And the trombone," cried he,
> "The trumpet and trombone,"
> And cocked a malicious eye,
> "But time runs on, runs on."
>
> *"I am of Ireland,*
> *And the Holy Land of Ireland,*
> *And time runs on," cried she.*
> *"Come out of charity*
> *And dance with me in Ireland."*

This, I believe is a final commentary—if any finer lyric exists in contemporary literature, I have yet to find it. Just as Joyce realized the final inversion of his great poetic gifts in the writing of Ulysses, so a similar catharsis may be found in these last poems of Yeats. In the work of both men lies the summation of experience in the modern world, an experience in which the individual is plunged against the mass to emerge at last as a symbol of all the separate units in that force which he recognizes as his enemy. It may be said that Yeats and Joyce, with their extreme differences, complement one another. One represents the conclusions formed by the Protestant mind and temperament, the other, the Roman Catholic, the Jesuit; and both in their lifetimes have witnessed what D. H. Lawrence called the death of Europe, which is at the root of their disillusionment. The knowledge of what had happened during this last quarter-century impelled Yeats to rewrite his dedication to a book of stories selected from the Irish novelists. Of his "bell branch full of ease," he says:

> I tore it from the barren boughs of Eire,
> That country where a man can be so crossed;
> Can be so battered, badgered and destroyed
> That he's a loveless man. . . .

And though he has passed through an experience that drove Swift into madness, unlike him, he has gained some measure of consolation, perhaps because his genius is of a higher order, or because Swift, his mind choked with images of two worlds that he had lost, could not (at Dryden's advice) release his emotion in poetic form—but note that what Yeats says is in the nature of a Protestant relief, as individual as Luther's reading of the Bible:

> I am content to follow to its source,
> Every event in action or in thought;
> Measure the lot; forgive myself the lot!
> When such as I cast out remorse
> So great a sweetness flows into the breast
> We must laugh and we must sing,
> We are blest by everything,
> Everything we look upon is blest.

HORACE GREGORY.

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Exiles

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately, by Kay Boyle. New York: Smith and Haas. $2.50.

The Disinherited, by Jack Conroy. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.

KAY BOYLE has now published three novels and two volumes of short stories and, with this much evidence on hand, the character and development of her work is becoming clear. She is one of the most eloquent and one of the most prolific writers among the expatriates; her work is always finished in the sense that her phrases are nicely cadenced and her imagery often striking and apt; her characters are almost always highly sensitized individuals who are marooned or in flight in some foreign country, banding together in small groups in which the antagonisms often seem intense beyond their recognizable causes. These small groups of exiles form their closed circles, the members of which exist on the verge of tears or nervous breakdown, and are often physically ill as well. The drama comes out of their meetings—it is noteworthy how much Kay Boyle gets out of the casual coming together of her people, what untold dangers and mysterious excitement she finds in their first impressions of each other—out of the tormented relationships and the eventual flight.

"Gentlemen, I Address You Privately" fits into this pattern. Here, too, the characters are on the run, not indeed from a recognizable compulsion, but as though a headlong flight were the natural course of life and any pause a mere interruption. The hero, Munday, is an American, a former priest, living in exile in Brittany after having abruptly severed his connection with the Church. It is characteristic of the writing of the exiles, from Henry James on, that they only begin their stories when the major decisions and the major conflicts are behind their characters, and devote themselves exclusively to detailing the experiences which follow. Obviously a career so sensational as Munday's would have led to its crises and exhaustions, would leave its scars, but as the story opens Munday is merely contemplating the pleasures that lie in wait for him, and, if he is tormented by his memories, if his torments in turn infect his new relationships, Kay Boyle does not show him in those moments. A sailor named Ayton, whose past is also mysterious and jumpy and who seems equally unscarred by his experiences, suddenly appears and moves in with Munday. After an elementary resistance on Munday's part, Ayton seduces him, and the remainder of the book deals with the gradual revelation to Munday of the depths of malice and irresponsibility in his lover. In the end Ayton simply disappears, along with three Lesbians whose intrigues and disorders typify the emotional confusion into which Munday's new relationship has led him; they disappear as if by magic and Munday is left with fresh evidence—which he receives good-naturedly—of his betrayal.

It is not enough to point out some of the superficial improbabilities in this story, such as the easy changes of sex which the characters make without suffering any drastic psychological punishment. These violations of actuality would be unimportant if they served to heighten some more basic conflict, as comparable inventions are used in Melville and Dostoevsky and Gide. The important point is that, in the world Kay Boyle describes, human beings possess no consistency and no body; they are capable of doing anything, of reversing themselves and shattering the impressions of their own personalities that have been built up out of the complex of their actions and responses; they give expression to extreme moods of affection or despair or distrust, unchecked by apprehension as to the effect of these expressions, never learning the limits within which the others move, never gauging the boundaries of their friends' imaginations or sensing the possibilities that lie before them. Their closest companions grow increasingly mysterious as they absorb more and more information about them; they look upon one another as they might upon some strange wild birds that may be temporarily harbored but can never be understood and are certain in the end to take flight.

This is not a feature peculiar to the works of Kay Boyle; it is a distinctive characteristic of the writings of the American expatriates, from James on to Ernest Hemingway. Those characters in James who make such baffled attempts to figure out what is going on in the minds of the people about them, and who in the end are only more mystified than when they began, are similar in this respect to the characters in Hemingway who fly to the extremes of antagonism and affection in a moment, confide in strangers and misrepresent their motives and desires to their friends—they are alike in the sense that they are presented as if their actions were unchecked by any barriers save those set up by their fluctuating moods, or as if their actions were somehow inconsequential, incapable of influencing the actions of others. All of these writers—and Kay Boyle more than the rest—present a world made up of insulated groups having only the thinnest contacts with the social life of their environment, being forced to depend on fragmentary acquaintance with servants and bullfighters and hotelkeepers for any knowledge of the life beyond their circle.

Jack Conroy's "The Disinherited" is illuminating by contrast: it is a study of the society from which the exiles have fled, a picture of the life from which they are insulated. Yet Conroy's book is also, in a sense, the story of men in exile. It is the chronicle of a young worker's search for a livelihood, a part of that continual movement Tolstoy described as the wanderings of the workingman over the face of the earth, with its only development the hero's gradual enlightenment as to the character of the society through which he has been moving. As the son of a miner, Larry Donovan has known the meaning of strikes from his boyhood, and after his father is killed in the mine and he has gone to work himself, he learns more of them in terms of his own experience. Half-conscious of his social role, dissatisfied, always reminded of the hardships which his mother and all his people endure, vaguely interested in poetry, he moves from one job to another, from railroad yards to a steel mill, from a rubber-heel plant to an automobile factory, in contact with an ever-widening circle of workers, continually driven by his dissatisfaction to learn from the people around him. He drifts to Detroit, pulled by the magnetic attraction of good jobs, and learns what the speeding-up of labor means; when the depression begins he and the members of his class have known it as a reality before its first consequences have been marked on the stock exchange or in the speeches of government officials. Then he and a friend begin a long trip back home in a wheezy automobile, a trip which seems almost as difficult as the migrations of the pioneers across the plains; the car continually breaks down; they are forced to hunt for work to get enough gas to move a few miles, and to live in a Hooverville while they gather together resources for moving on. There are no swift and mysterious flights in a world so concrete, there is no place for violent fluctuations of mood or long sustained distrust of man for man.

Both of these books are interesting, and both, in their different ways, are well written. The parts of "The

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Disinherited" which deal with the Monkey Nest Mine, with the death of Larry's father and with the boy's emotion as he watches his mother at work, belong with the best of this literature of first-hand observation. In general Conroy's talent resembles Dreiser's; he reveals a similar unwillingness to doll up an event or an emotion in prose. "The Disinherited" is a first novel, one obviously written over a long period of time, so that the parts often fit together awkwardly; the conclusion, dealing with the stopping of a foreclosure by a group of farmers, when the poor are at last stirred to positive action, seems far less convincing than the earlier parts of the story. And the hero's relations with women belong in another book, in an immature volume in the "Moon-Calf" tradition. Yet it is impossible not to contrast the movement and variety of Conroy's story, the drive and indignation behind it, with the finished care, the sense of fatigue and of labored and artificial eloquence, of Kay Boyle's writing. Unexpectedly, "The Disinherited" suggests one reason for the importance the writing of the exiles has had for us: it suggests that the position of the intellectual in contemporary American society, at least in relation to the kind of life Conroy pictures, is not unlike that of a foreigner in a community he does not understand and with which he has only a fragmentary contact. If Kay Boyle and the other exiles have told us the meaning of isolation, Jack Conroy and a few similar talents are giving us a sense of the richness and strength from which we are isolated.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

The Last of Lytton Strachey

Characters and Commentaries, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 312 pages. $3.

THIS POSTHUMOUS collection of Lytton Strachey's essays contains a series of papers on the English letter writers written while he was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, three prefaces, a number of book reviews and other articles, a lecture on Pope which has already been published separately in book form and an unfinished essay on "Othello" which he had been working on when he died.

The undergraduate pieces show Strachey with his point of view and his literary competence already quite surprisingly mature; and his peculiar humor is already in evidence in his treatment of Lord Chesterfield and Cowper. The reviews from 1903 to 1908 are agreeable enough to read but rather academic; the papers written during the period of the War markedly less academic. These last are extremely entertaining: Strachey seems to have been given a great many bad books to review and he was very amusing about them. Of Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets," he writes: "Her lectures give the impression of being lectures, not on living human beings, but on some queer animals, submarine fishes, perhaps, illustrated by lantern slides. . . . 'This interesting little creature,' one can almost hear her saying as the poet is flashed upon the screen for us."

One says farewell to Lytton Strachey with gratitude for his having done so well what he did, but without very much regret that he did not live to do more. The unfinished essay on "Othello," which was to have been one of a series on Shakespeare's plays, does not seem particularly promising. And in reading the other pieces, one realizes how much Strachey, after all, was the product of an English university. Though he wrote better and was far more intelligent than most people in universities, the things he knew were all the things that people in universities know. Even in his quarrels with academic judgments, it is still the sphere of the university which he inhabits. When you have read the four papers on Horace Walpole and the two on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in this book, you feel as if you never wanted to hear about the eighteenth century again. You are depressed by the thought of Lytton Strachey at Cambridge thinking about the eighteenth century. Instead of bringing its people to life and establishing a relation between them and us, he too often seems merely to show them under glass, beautifully costumed, embalmed and laid out. And he loves to bury his subjects.

Yet Strachey had the real vocation of the reader, the reliver of the past. In spite of his almost too consummate precision and smoothness, in spite of his rather banal figures and rather worn and conventional vocabulary, he has the faculty of stimulating interest. And there was something in him of the old kind of humanist: he was capable not only of appreciating very diverse writers and historical figures for their expression of diverse kinds of human experience, but even of showing flashes of the ardor for human liberation and enlightenment. He writes here with eloquence, in an essay on Voltaire, of the work of Voltaire and Erasmus.

> The progress which the Renaissance had envisioned [he concludes], and which had seemed assured at the end of the eighteenth century, was once more sidetracked [by the results of the Industrial Revolution]. Yet the work of Voltaire was not undone. Short of some overwhelming catastrophe, the doctrine which he preached—that life should be ruled, not by the dictates of tyranny and superstition, but by those of reason and humanity—can never be obliterated from the minds of men.

It was the prompting of this spirit which caused Strachey to write his books on the Victorian Age and the caustic and courageous papers published during the War—Strachey was a conscientious objector—and included in this book. But when he had done this much, he went back to Horace Walpole and Company (in "Portraits in Miniature," his last book published during his lifetime). He subsided into the university library; then, realizing no doubt that he had read all the books, dropped out of life altogether.

EDMUND WILSON.

James G. Thurber, The Man

My Life and Hard Times, by James Thurber. New York: Harper and Brothers. 153 pages. $1.75.

ISN'T IT about time, people have been demanding lately—with, it must be confessed, occasionally a hint of grimness in their tones—that we discovered just what this man Thurber is up to? Those stories of ladies who supervise their own axe-murders, and of men looking for little boxes to hide in: what do they mean? The drawings, of crowds running as if the wind harried them, of people collapsing in slow involutions over obscure problems of their own: what do they signify?

Whither is he leading us? Or, to put it another way, is he leading us anywhere? We have only to open his new book to come upon a clue. There we find him, in one of its opening pages, describing as if inadvertently a curious hallucination that often overcomes him—a fear that he is being followed " . . . by little men padding along in single file, about a foot and a half high, large-eyed, and whiskered." In the next breath, of course, he is speaking of Ford Madox Ford and Walter Lippmann, in the next of his (Thurber's) digestion, and in the next after that (though by then he's getting a little bit breathless himself) of the

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shrinkage of the earth's crust. But the reader will not be misled by such tergiversations. We have seen generals who were at times hard put to it to determine whether they were leading an army or being pursued by a mob, and to the serious student of psychoanalysis (there must still be some serious students of psychoanalysis left, mustn't there?) it will be obvious that Mr. Thurber is in something of the same predicament. He isn't really trying to lead anybody anywhere. Mostly, he is trying to escape.

But then, one may find many clues to an understanding of this strange personality, in a reading of this chronicle of the author's younger, more settled years. For, unlike most of us, it wasn't till he was nearing middle age that he took to wandering—with what results his epilogue sets forth. His youth he spent in Columbus, Ohio (in itself a feat to tax the strongest), and had nobody but his grandfather to worry about. To be sure, his grandfather was the victim of a slight obsession: namely, that the Civil War was still being fought, usually just outside the front door—and to the sensitive artist, particularly in the formative period of his life, this would be upsetting. But when you have added to this an uncle who suffered from chestnut blight and an aunt who whanged shoes up and down the hall at night to scare away burglars; a succession of hired girls, some of whom saw ghosts and others who did their dusting at three in the morning—well, you get some idea of what the boy Thurber was up against. Why, even the dog had his little peculiarities. The only way they could keep him from attacking delivery boys was by operating a home-made thunder-machine (he was afraid of storms), and when they fed him they had to put his meal on a table and let him climb up to it. He'd bite your hand if you put it anywhere within a foot of the floor. Doesn't this explain those moody animals that Mr. Thurber draws? Or does it?

At any rate, Mr. Thurber came through it all, unscathed or nearly so—through the night the bed fell on father, and the night the ghost got in, through wild escapades with electric runabouts and still wilder ones with roller coasters, through even that historic day when the whole town of Columbus went momentarily cuckoo, and ran madly en masse from a dam that hadn't burst—came through it to write about these youthful adventures, in the pleasantest possible mixture of fantasy and understanding, one of the funniest books of recent times.

. . . Oh, what the hell! Let's say *the* funniest.

ROBERT M. COATES.

The Chinese Millions

Chinese Destinies: Sketches of Present Day China, by Agnes Smedley. New York: The Vanguard Press. 322 pages, illustrated. $3.

THERE are several sorts of books about China: the sort that attempts to isolate Chinese civilization from Chinese life, as if it were a mere essence easily served up to cultured foreigners; the sort written by the white business men's wives, their contacts with native life limited to polite visiting among the Chinese upper classes; the cocksure reports of journalists and petty officials who generally conclude that the solution of the Chinese chaos is government by an occidental Power—as if a swarm of racketeers, because of their white skins, setting out to establish an administration of the type that is failing in the West, and which in each country has taken generations to develop, could succeed overnight, even if it could be assumed to be applicable to a vast country suffering at once from a decayed feudalism and an aborted capitalism; and there is the sort of book written by liberals like Peffer and Tawney, who acknowledge the full horror of the situation but evade the issue—Peffer coming to no conclusion at all, as if it were virtuous to make no decision, and Tawney proposing that the dying League of Nations, which has carried through not one effective international measure on any scale, could supply a temporary supergovernment to China.

Agnes Smedley's book differs in getting immediately and bodily down to the life of China, of the hundreds of millions and of the revolution which the gunboats of the foreign Powers, in the mouths of the rivers of China, bottle up like corks. Those who look for the spiritual, the quaint, the esthetic, those who read to see the world reduced to pictures, will find themselves in the wrong book.

The reality in China is one of unremitting class struggle, of a revolution that has been won and betrayed, monotonously over and over again, since the overthrow of the Manchu Empire in 1911. Chiang Kai-shek, the current "strong man," now supported by occidental and Japanese imperialism, is Yuan Shi-kai over again, with the necessary changes that a swift and busy twenty years of history have made. Again and again the revolution has fallen into the control of the Chinese bourgeoisie—which, however, cannot establish a functioning social and economic order, because its thin thread of life is constantly being broken by the tugs of the imperialist Powers.

Miss Smedley gives terrifying pictures of the class struggle in operation. In China it is not veiled, but naked and raw. Rich and powerful Chinese are never civil to Chinese workers. Democratic gestures and humanitarianism are social cosmetics that Chinese capitalism cannot afford, and the executions which go on in appalling numbers are always public. The class war is the most insistent of Chinese realities, but until this book it has been almost wholly ignored, as if it were a politeness to Chinese civilization to overlook it along with the feces and filth and unburied corpses which courteous visitors pretend not to see or smell.

In particular, Miss Smedley describes what has happened in China since 1927. Until that year the democratic Kuomintang, in alliance with the Communist party, had beaten the franker militarists and virtually unified the country on the principles of Sun Yat-sen. A critical decision lay before the Kuomintang and its general, Chiang Kai-shek. Should they go left to their ally, the Chinese Communist party, or right, to the merchants and bankers and foreign imperialists? They turned right. They betrayed their Communist allies and they betrayed themselves. Since the reaction, Kuomintang politics have sunk into a corruption that seems incredible—the only thing to match it being the oppression of the working classes. As is natural to betrayers, they further punished the betrayed by launching the bloodiest reaction the world has seen in our time. Miss Smedley's pictures of it make us shudder or clench our fists in fury. No reader can escape being moved by them. But the reaction could not destroy the revolution. The Communists, reorganizing in the interior, have built up a Soviet China that now holds territories with a population of 80 millions and a group of armies which have not only defended but year by year are widening the Soviet frontiers.

Some readers will dismiss the book as being merely a fine piece of reporting but not "literature"; it is both. It is vivid, accurate, absorbing, and it is, moreover, of great political significance; for issues that are beclouded in America are terribly open in China. Thus, Miss Smedley helps to present our own problems stripped and clear.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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A Hundred Important Books: 1933

Biography and Memoirs

The Journal of Arnold Bennett. Viking. $5.
Edward VII, by E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green. $3.
The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca, by Morris Bishop. Appleton-Century. $3.
The Journey of the Flame, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Testament of Youth, by Vera Brittain. Macmillan. $2.50.
The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford, edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Marlborough: His Life and Times, by Winston Churchill. Scribner's. 2 vols. $6.
Eimi, by E. E. Cummings. Covici-Friede. $3.
Homecoming, by Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
John Hay: From Poetry to Politics, by Tyler Dennett. Dodd, Mead. $5.
The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift, by Stephen Gwynn. Holt. $3.75.
My Battle, by Adolf Hitler. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain, by Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.
Along This Way, by James Weldon Johnson. Viking. $3.50.
War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vols I and II. Little, Brown. $8.
British Agent, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. $2.75.
The Beginning of a Mortal, by Max Miller. Dutton. $2.50.
The Life of Richard Wagner, by Ernest Newman. Knopf. $5.
Twenty Years A-Growing, by Maurice O'Sullivan. Viking. $2.50.
The Strange Life of Lady Blessington, by Michael Sadleir. Little, Brown. $3.50.
The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, by Gertrude Stein. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
The Tragedy of Tolstoy, by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale. $3.
The House of Exile, by Nora Waln. Little, Brown. $3.
Poor Splendid Wings, by Frances Winwar. Little, Brown. $3.50.
Flush, by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Marie Antoinette, by Stefan Zweig. Viking. $3.50.

Fiction

Great Circle, by Conrad Aiken. Scribner's. $2.
Anthony Adverse, by Hervey Allen. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Three Cities, by Sholom Asch. Putnam. $3.
No Second Spring, by Janet Beith. Stokes. $2.50.
Gentlemen, I Address You Privately, by Kay Boyle. Smith and Haas. $2.50.
Karl and the Twentieth Century, by Rudolf Brunngraber. Morrow. $2.50.
All Men Are Brothers, translated by Pearl Buck. John Day. $6.50.
God's Little Acre, by Erskine Caldwell. Viking. $2.50.
Bonfire, by Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
As the Earth Turns, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan. $2.50.
In Tragic Life, by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Solal, by Albert Cohen. Dutton. $2.40.
The Disinherited, by Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede. $2.
Little Man, What Now? by Hans Fallada. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
Other Fires, by Maxim Gorky. Appleton-Century. $3.
Winner Take Nothing, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.
Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
Mandoa, Mandoa! by Winifred Holtby. Macmillan. $2.50.
Time, Forward! by Valentine Kataev. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Company K, by William March. Smith and Haas. $2.
No More Trumpets, by George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The Tale of Genji. Vol. VI, The Bridge of Dreams, by Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain, by Theodor Plivier. Macmillan. $2.
South Moon Under, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribner's. $2.
Peter Abelard, by Helen Waddell. Holt. $2.50.
Miss Lonelyhearts, by Nathanael West. Liveright. $2.

Poetry and Criticism

Now With His Love, by John Peale Bishop. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Collected Poems of Hart Crane. Liveright. $3.
No Retreat, by Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace $1.50.
The Great Tradition, by Granville Hicks. Macmillan. $2.50.
Give Your Heart to the Hawks, by Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.
Creative America: An Anthology Chosen by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper. $4.
Poems: 1924-1933, by Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Oxford. 2 vols. $18.
A Draft of XXX Cantos, by Ezra Pound. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Strange Victory, by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan. $1.
Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats. Macmillan. $2.50.

Science and Philosophy

General Principles of Human Reflexology, by Vladimir M. Bechterev. International. $5.
The Universe of Light, by Sir William Bragg. Macmillan. $3.50.
A New Series of Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis, by Sigmund Freud. Norton. $3.
Science and Human Life, by J. B. S. Haldane. Harper. $2.50.
Modern Man in Search of a Soul, by C. G. Jung. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
The Universe of Science, by H. Levy. Appleton-Century. $2.
Turns of Thought, by George Santayana. Scribner's. $1.75.

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A Vivid Era Is Brought to Life

Years of patient research, hundreds of pages of brilliant writing, and fastidious revision, have produced a new master-work to join the select company which includes Young's "Medici," Merejkowski's "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," Taylor's "Leonardo the Florentine." The Renaissance, charged with excitement and color, exerts an eternal fascination on the minds of modern readers. Ralph Roeder tells the story anew in his long awaited book, "The Man of the Renaissance," December Book-of-the-Month Club selection, called by Professor Weaver of Columbia "the most superb single volume in English on the Renaissance." 550 Octavo pages, Buckram binding illustrated with sixteen halftone reproductions of Renaissance masterpieces. Designed to sell for $5.00, the Book Club Selection has made it possible to reduce the price to $3.50.

THE MAN of the RENAISSANCE
by Ralph Roeder

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION by Ernest K. Lindley tells the exciting truth of what is happening in the nation's capital today. Written by a newspaper correspondent, it is authentic, swiftly told, and revealing. $2.50. **AFTER SUCH PLEASURES** by Dorothy Parker was published but a few weeks ago. Already it shows every indication of becoming her best loved book. The critics are still applauding—the public is buying in increasing quantities every day. $2.25. **MARIE ANTOINETTE** by Stefan Zweig marches into the final quarter of its first year still a best seller, still the ultimate portrait of the great Queen. It is by all odds the finest biography of the year. $3.50. **TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING** by Maurice O'Sullivan has captured the imagination of a very large and still growing audience. This simple tale of a Dublin policeman's island boyhood has been recognized on two continents as a masterpiece of English literature. $2.50. The Viking Press. New York.

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Conflict in Palestine

The author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" writes a tremendous novel of love and fanaticism, intrigue, murder and detection. The background is the Holy Land of today, vibrant with all the colors of the Orient, disputed shrine of Christian, Jew and Arab. "De Vriendt Goes Home" is a book at once timely in its significance (the recent Arab uprising in Jerusalem recreates the scene of the story) and timeless in its portrayal of human strife. It is one of the Fall's most important works.

$2.50

DE VRIENDT GOES HOME
by Arnold Zweig

THE VIKING PRESS — NEW YORK CITY

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The Science of Human Reproduction, by H. M. Parshley. Norton. $3.50.
What Plato Said, by Paul Shorey. Chicago. $5.
Adventures of Ideas, by Alfred North Whitehead. Macmillan. $3.50.

History and Public Affairs

The Crime of Cuba, by Carleton Beals. Lippincott. $3.
Government of the People, by D. W. Brogan. Harper. $4.
The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today, by G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole. Knopf. $3.
What Would Be the Character of a New War? Smith and Haas. $2.50.
Roosevelt and His America, by Bernard Faÿ. Little, Brown. $2.75.
Seeds of Revolt, by Mauritz Hallgren. Knopf. $2.50.
The Great Offensive, by Maurice Hindus. Smith and Haas. $3.
Germany Enters the Third Reich, by Calvin B. Hoover. Macmillan. $2.50.
Recent Social Trends in the United States. Report of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends. McGraw-Hill. 2 vols. $10.
100,000,000 Guinea Pigs, by Arthur Kallett and Fred J. Schlink. Vanguard. $2.
The Investor Pays, by Max Lowenthal. Knopf. $2.50.
The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror, with an Introduction by Lord Marley. Knopf. $2.50.
Peacemaking, by Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Moral Man and Immoral Society, by Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner's. $2.
The Tragedy of Lynching, by Arthur Raper. North Carolina. $2.50.
The Man of the Renaissance, by Ralph Roeder. Viking. $3.50.
The Power Age, by Walter N. Polakov. Covici-Friede. $2.
Abortion: Legal or Illegal, by A. J. Rongy. Vanguard. $2.
International Politics, by Frederick L. Schuman. McGraw-Hill. $4.
Chinese Destinies, by Agnes Smedley. Vanguard. $3.
The First World War, by Laurence Stallings. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.
The Coming Struggle for Power, by John Strachey. Covici-Friede. $3.
Beginning the Twentieth Century, by Joseph Ward Swain. Norton. $4.75.
The History of the Russian Revolution, by Leon Trotsky. Simon and Schuster. 3 vols. $10.
The Industrial Discipline, by Rexford G. Tugwell. Columbia. $2.50.
The Night Club Era, by Stanley Walker. Stokes. $3.
The Shape of Things to Come, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. $2.50.

This list of a hundred important books, compiled with the help of several of our reviewers, is by no means intended as a definitive list of "the hundred best"; that would be a distinction which time alone has the right to confer.

The list includes no reprints. Not many good ones have appeared during the year, but there are a few which ought to be mentioned: the "Collected Prose of Elinor Wylie" (Knopf; $3.50), a volume of 879 pages containing her four novels and her fugitive essays, with five separate introductions by living writers; "The Brothers Karamazov" (Random House; $3.50), containing the complete Constance Garnett translation with fine illustrations by Boardman Robinson; and "Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace; $4.75), being Louis Untermeyer's two successful anthologies bound into one fat volume. Also there are the Modern Library Giants, big sturdy editions of the longer classics—the one-volume, $1 edition of Florio's Montaigne is a good example.

Five New Books About Our America

The American Procession: American Life Since 1860 in Photographs, assembled by Agnes Rogers, with running comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 192 pages. $2.75.

The Night Club Era, by Stanley Walker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 338 pages. $3.

ADD TWO more volumes to the shelf containing "The Mauve Decade," "The Dreadful Decade," "The Brown Decades" and "Only Yesterday"—the author of which collaborates on the work first named at the head of the present review. The Rogers and Allen volume aims to present a photographic record of American life, with a brief prose commentary, from the year preceding the Civil War to the year in which the United States entered the World War—1860-1917. Mr. Walker's book deals with a segment of that life, the booze-and-amusement sector and its ramifications, as it developed in the metropolitan area of New York from 1920 to the present, and describes in prose the vicissitudes of its institutions and personalities.

There are quite a few things which need saying about the Rogers-Allen photographic record. One of them is that much too much space is given up to the exhibition of stuffed shirts, oddities, trivialities and meticulous insignificance. A picture of General Grant, even without his El Sol, doesn't deserve a full page in any photographic history of American life unless it runs to a dozen volumes at least. Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis and Lincoln are familiar in all their guises to the most casual student of American iconography; yet here they occupy three pages. Again, actors and actresses, with scenes from the plays they appeared in, are not without significance; but assuredly, as bubbles on the American life-stream, their existence does not warrant the number of full pages, half-pages and double-page spreads allotted to them in a work titled like the one under review. Moreover, it is certain that the typical company of barnstormers or one-night-standers, whether playing "Shenandoah" or "Eight Bells," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Kerry Gow" or "The Ham Tree," was far more typical in American life than the metropolitan artists and their vehicles—and by the way, where is the minstrel show?

Furthermore, there is a considerable discontinuity in the Rogers-Allen record. Bustles are emphasized—but the divided skirt, the slit skirt and the hobble skirt are missed, as are the peach-basket hat and the peek-a-boo waist; some attention is shown to male togs, but such innovations as the collegiate skull-cap, peg-top pants and sport shirts are

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ignored. The can-can is pictured, but the hoochee-koochee is not. House furnishings are mentioned now and then, but no indication is offered of the form of a what-not, a pillow-sham holder or the carpet-covered rocker with the stationary, castored base, which permits one to rock without drowsily and gradually moving into the stove. Saratoga is shown—but where is Canfield? John L. Sullivan is here—but where are Kilrain, Charley Mitchell, Pony Moore, William Muldoon? Steve Brodie's is recorded, but not Heinie Kaboodler's or Hinkey Dink's. . . . Which suggests the matter of Mr. Allen's inaccuracy on some common points: he says that to "do a Brodie" means "to take a chance," though, if it does, I hope never to take another dive, even to the softest carpet. He also says that Chuck Conners was a "gang leader of the prewar model," whereas Chuck, during a busy life, was mainly occupied with parking his rearo on a keg at the curb of Pell Street and flashing his pearl buttons at the passing throng, and steering gawps along the hair-raising curves beyond the spot now encumbered by Noonan's mission; Mr. Allen must have been thinking of Monk Eastman.

But the greatest defect in Mr. Allen's and Miss Rogers' book lies in the fact you can go through it from start to finish and still be utterly without knowledge of how the mass of the American people made their living, sheltered themselves, spent their leisure time, worshiped or voted. I note a Bowery saloon, a Coney Island boat, a campaign gathering addressed by Eugene V. Debs, a tenement room, and not much more. Two pictures of strikers in action are placed in a spread with a group portrait of the killers of the gambler Herman Rosenthal—the criminal elements? The tenement room is declared to be "just as representative [of New York] as the Astors' drawing room," as of 1890; and no intimation is given that thousands of such tenements are the dwellings of New Yorkers today. . . . The finest picture in the book is a full-length portrait of John Arthur Johnson, now of Harlem—otherwise "Li'l Artha" or "the man with the golden smile."

The Walker opus, "The Night Club Era," begins with the night when the Volstead Act began to be flouted by the scofflaws, and works along in considerable interesting detail from this momentous event. The second chapter is taken up with the story of a well run white-collar speakeasy (in Detroit: blind pig). The night clubs are surveyed from end to end of the decade. Owen Madden, Walter Winchell, the cops, the federal snoops, Dr. Straton and Barney Gallant of Greenwich Village rate a chapter each. Jimmy Walker, Texas Guinan, Jack Diamond, Larry Fay and Florence Mills are treated in thumbnail sketches. The racketeers and gangsters are not neglected. All in all, the book is readable enough, but the text falls far short of being the inside stuff it is hinted to be in the preface. It is, one may say, an epitome of almost everything interesting that has been printed about the people and rackets in question, with here and there something which looks like a grain of new dirt.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Advancing the Frontier, by Grant Foreman. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 363 pages. $4.

MR. GRANT FOREMAN has continued that saga of the five civilized tribes which he began in "Indian Removal," offering here a portrayal of the end of their forced hegira, in the eighteen-thirties, from the Gulf States and Tennessee to the country to be known as the Indian Territory. It is a complex story, for these tribes were attempting to build homes for themselves on unfamiliar land, to establish working relations with each other and with the

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whites of this region, and to deal with the depredations of the warlike plains Indians. More than once the plan of a confederation of the tribes took partial shape—a confederation not for war, but for peace: but American officials were afraid of the idea, and it is clear from Mr. Foreman's narrative that though kindness was often intended in official decisions, little or no understanding of Indian tribal customs or of the Indian mind was shown. Irving came out to this region at an early stage of the resettlement and recorded some of his impressions in "A Tour of the Prairies." John Howard Payne made a sympathetic dash into the new country because of a special interest in the Cherokees: but neither seems to have been able to reach the heart of the situation. In tribal life a tragic process of confusion and obliteration was going on. Mr. Foreman's book is important as a solid chapter in Indian history, and equally so as a commentary on the American pioneer mind of the place and period. CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Over Here: 1914-1918, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 700 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

IN HIS story of "Our Times," Mr. Sullivan has reached the fifth volume, in which he deals with the years of the World War. As his title implies, he is concerned with an aspect of the struggle which is increasingly important in modern war, the mobilization of the whole people in support of the armies at the front. His heroes are Baruch, Baker, Creel, Crowder, Hoover and, above all, Wilson, but behind them, towering above them, is the people in its collective function. His sources, as in previous volumes, are newspaper headlines and comment, cartoons, songs of the day, all of which reveal popular thought and emotion, and contribute to his narrative a vivacity as of the present tense.

Mr. Sullivan's method is, by hypothesis, objective, and yet by selection and emphasis it becomes subjective. Objectively he is right in picturing the War as a supremely enjoyable experience for the nation, a vast orgasm in which men, women and children shared. Subjectively it becomes clear that Mr. Sullivan himself enjoyed it. In his happy retrospect nothing unpleasant is allowed to recur. He makes no mention of the waste of $1,000 million and many young lives in the air service, of the suppressed report by Mr. Hughes, or of the manipulations in the War Department by which Colonel Deeds escaped punishment. In regard to conscientious objectors he dwells at length on the comedy of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the heroic saga of Stierheim, but makes no mention of the Molokans and Mennonites who were tortured to death in military prisons, and whose bodies were returned to their families dressed in the uniforms which they had refused to wear. He tells the story of the preparedness campaign with no mention of Mooney. He records dispassionately the triumphs of espionage and patriotic violence, the convictions of Debs and the Wobblies, the internment of Dr. Muck and others suspected of pro-Germanism, with no reference to the vindictiveness which kept them in prison long after the end of the War. Of the operations of Palmer, Garvin and the Alien Property Custodian's Office, of the war against Russia, there is no single word. For George Creel Mr. Sullivan has the admiration of a fellow journalist. Tolerantly he remarks that the stories which Creel sent out of the repulse of German submarines by the first troop transports to France, "critics thought, were more in the spirit of a July 4 jubilation than was justified by the facts." Indeed, the only persons for whom Mr. Sullivan expresses an ironic contempt are Henry Ford and his shipmates.

Mr. Sullivan's main thesis is that "the history of the

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United States as respects the Great War, was mainly the history of Woodrow Wilson's mind." "Wilson was determined that the United States should never enter the War." He was equally determined that peace should be made through the offices of the United States, and when his hand was forced by Germany's declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare he fell into "distraction and hesitancy," from which he emerged into action. Up to October, 1918, he was brilliantly successful. Then began the series of "mistakes" which led to the catastrophe of Versailles.

These mistakes Mr. Sullivan attributes to failing mental power. He kindly omits reference to the moral collapse marked by Wilson's assertion of ignorance in regard to the secret treaties among the Allies, by his declaration that the Treaty of Versailles fulfilled the intention of the Fourteen Points. The origin of these mistakes Mr. Sullivan attributes to Wilson's failure to understand the spirit of America expressed by a Midwest newspaper in 1914: "We never appreciated so much as now the foresight exercised by our forefathers in emigrating from Europe." Freed from the patriotic intoxication induced by Mr. Sullivan's record of the best of all possible wars, one is permitted to wonder whether an understanding of this spirit would not have kept Wilson from committing the country to an adventure, however joyous, for which it was spiritually unprepared, from undertaking an enterprise which he could not finish—in short whether Wilson's mistakes did not begin in March, 1917.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Creative America: An Anthology, chosen and edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 749 pages. $4.

EVERY anthology," says Mr. Lewisohn in his introduction, "is an illuminating document both on the character of the man who compiled it and on the age in which he lived." Naturally, as he anticipates the reviewer by observing, his own selections from American prose and poetry cast a light backward upon Mr. Lewisohn's mind and the mind of the Wilsonian generation. Everywhere there is evidence of his rich, if somewhat florid, literary sensibility; of his freedom from academic prepossession, his impatience with consecrated mediocrity, and his taste, so characteristic of his generation, for the personal, the rebellious and the introspective. The possibilities in an approach of this kind to American literature have not been exhausted, and Lewisohn not only drops overboard a certain amount of junk, but rescues some unhackneyed things.

At the same time, he remains, as always, a romantic individualist, and there are veins in American literature—veins which interest a less mature generation—to which he is wholly or almost wholly indifferent. Political satire or propaganda, the discussion of public questions, appeals to the social conscience—these things seem to him of dubious legitimacy in literature; and hence his quite inadequate representation of so great a writer as Franklin, his stinginess with Jefferson, his omission of the Quaker humanitarian Woolman and of such lively Revolutionary writers as Hopkinson and Trumbull. Forty pages are found for Emerson (who of course deserves them), but one misses a fervid paragraph or two from Channing, a vehement paragraph or two from Theodore Parker or some other Abolitionist, and at least a few lines from Whitman's prose as well as his poetry. It is not perfectly clear that Henry George or Edward Bellamy or Thorstein Veblen might not have been briefly represented in a book in which room is found for the yeasty idealist, Josiah Royce; and there are passages

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in Howells' and Mark Twain's non-fictional writings that have at least as real an interest now as the passages Lewisohn selects from "Miss Bellard's Inspiration" and "Tom Sawyer."

In the representation of his contemporaries, his predilections lead him to make choices that are certainly debatable; and some other anthologist would use part of the space which Lewisohn devotes to P. E. Moore, H. S. Canby and Carl Van Doren, for Lewis Mumford and Edmund Wilson, whom he ignores; just as he would try to find some room for Dos Passos, Michael Gold and Erskine Caldwell as well as—perhaps instead of—Cabell, Hergesheimer and G. S. Viereck. Such an anthologist would set out with a very different bias from Lewisohn's and with greater independence of the immediate past, but, until he does so, this book will serve its purpose far better than most books of its type.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Three Novels

The Death of a World, by Romain Rolland. Translated by Amalia de Alberti. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THIS IS the fourth volume of Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted," the heroine of which, Annette Rivière, is offered as the feminine counterpart of Jean-Christophe. Opening, on the afternoon of Armistice Day, on a chord of confusion and violence, the novel pursues the destinies of Annette and her son Marc through the feverish period immediately following "the great betrayal." It gives us the mother in the full tide of her middle years, earning her livelihood in the surcharged atmosphere of financial and industrial plots and counter-plots; the son struggling to manhood through disillusion, despair and want, working out his own salvation in the bitter violent world of his young contemporaries. The novel ends on a note of hope in Marc's love for the young Russian, Assia.

"Those Rivière souls?" writes Rolland in one of the frequent moments of sentimentality and bombast that mar the present novel. "What morning of defeat could stay their course!" And elsewhere: "Lay your ear to the dripping shell that I have picked up on the shore. In it a world is weeping. A world is dying. But in it, likewise, I hear already the crying of the child." Echo can answer only "Excelsior!" and note with regret a certain thinning out, a certain permeating dullness, a loss not so much of creative vigor and certainly not of vision as of ability to work freely and easily within the prescribed pattern. Annette and Marc live rather as parables of their age than as characters. The post-war period is the real protagonist of "The Death of a World," and Rolland may be said to have given us the fever chart of the patient rather than the patient himself.

EDWIN SEAVER.

She Saw Them Go By, by Hester W. Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A FOX-HUNTING old Englishwoman who is no longer allowed to hunt, remembers her past. She can't express herself well on paper, she says, and she doesn't care for publicity, but to please her favorite granddaughter she writes down the melodrama of her life as lady in waiting to a Balkan princess in the turbulent seventies, when revolution came to Zaraiya and engulfed the royal house of Tolna-Streltsburg. The old lady does herself an injustice. She writes extremely well. In fact, the crisp, smooth style,

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the careful half-historic background, the excellent portrait of the heroine, the suggestion of a competent psychological technique, are not supported by the genre, which might be described as out of Zenda by the Russian Revolution. For there is both conventional romance and a realistic contemporary quality in the story of Princess Dagmar, heir to the throne, who wishes to forestall the revolution by liberal measures, all of which are vetoed by the king, her uncle. Her fiancé, Prince Philip, thinks only of pleasure. While engaged to the princess, and carrying on an intrigue with a Russian countess who is a spy of sorts, he makes love to the English lady who, while gradually realizing his worthlessness, falls deeper and deeper in love with him. Years later she reads what Lady Caroline Lamb wrote about Byron after their first meeting: "Mad, bad and dangerous to know," and almost thinks she herself said this about Philip. "That beautiful pale face" might well have been her fate, as well, but she escapes in time and marries a dull Englishman, and Philip, after all, reminds one more of the Hapsburg prince in "Reunion in Vienna" than of Byron. Then there is the faithful mysterious footman Stefan Raquel who, like a eunuch—but he is not a eunuch—guards the princess's door, saves her from assassination, is all the time deeply involved with the Reds, and in the end—but read it, it's an exciting story and actually much better than it has any business to be.

CLARA G. STILLMAN.

The Bird of Dawning, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WHEN, in the China tea race of that year, the "Blackgauntlet" was rammed and sunk, she left above water her mate and fifteen assorted seamen, all huddled in an open boat 700 miles from land and the weather blowing up as thick as butter. Or so it was according to Mr. Masefield, who opens his latest novel on a situation grim enough and piled high enough with matter-of-fact data to be any one of a number of pages out of the sailing history of the past century. Persuasively real also is his minute-by-minute account of the next sixty desperate hours in the boat, featuring inhuman endeavor and dissent, together with the usual incidents of a water-breaker's turning out to be filled with brine, ships' being hailed and missed, a tall sea's dousing a food supply so precious that thereupon men "washed each raisin in one pannikin of rain and rinsed it in another, and whistled to show that they were not eating any." When, however, he brings his exhausted men finally upon a ship, its condition proves so completely suitable that a suspicion is raised, whether the sea itself was ever thoughtful enough to make such felicity a matter of record. For the "Bird of Dawning," though mysteriously abandoned, is still the sweetest clipper in the China trade, and lies there as neat as you please ready to be manned, got under weigh, and driven roaring up the Channel days later to dock just breathlessly in time for prize money, salvage money, fame and dinner.

The book, ending thus on a note of frank adventure and a few gruff yo-ho's, promised more. One was led to expect, and later denied, something big and ringing, some comment on this humanity the author had in the raw of an open boat at sea. . . . But no use crying over spilt humanity, I daresay. Whatever the promise, the performance is a spanking tale of ships, gear, spray and damn-your-royals-mister-we'll-sail-her-under-first, of a nature at times to have you tearing pages to get them over.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

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All-Russian Symphony

The Great Offensive, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 377 pages. $3.

EXCEPT for a few original insights and many pages of good writing, Mr. Hindus' latest book, when judged by the standards of his earlier ones, is disappointing. A pioneer in the task of sympathetically interpreting the Soviet Union to the vast American middle class, Mr. Hindus in this book appears to be lagging considerably behind a number of other, less noted, Soviet interpreters. The reason is not far to seek. While he has been straining after surface all-inclusiveness—the effect of the Great Offensive (the Five Year Plan) on Soviet art, literature, agriculture, criminology, education, religion, technology, geology, ethics, the army, diplomacy, political economy, etc., the others have explored specific fields and since 1929 have produced a series of penetrating studies on practically every phase of Soviet life. The period of diffuse information is over. By this time, the moderately informed reader tends to be rather apprehensive of an author who presumes to speak authoritatively about everything under the Soviet sun. With rare exceptions, the results of such breadth are shallowness and prolixity. Unfortunately, "The Great Offensive" is not among the exceptions.

Here, for example, are some of the major conclusions in the book:

> It is silly to offer dire generalities about Russia's natural resources, which are still untapped and uncharted.
>
> The young are happier than the old under Soviet rule. Traditions, morals, customs, loyalties, are changing.
>
> The Bolsheviks are environmentalists in their conception and treatment of crime and prostitution.
>
> The Red army is a Communist training school and is well equipped, well fed, well clothed and well behaved.
>
> Collectivization has come to stay in the Soviet Union.
>
> Bolsheviks make mistakes.
>
> Fascism has a greater lure for the middle classes than has Communism.
>
> The price the Russian people have paid for the Five Year Plan "is beyond calculation," but "the aim and the achievement in terms of ultimate purpose and possible promise are likewise beyond calculation."

All these things are, of course, correct; they are worth knowing; and most intelligent newspaper readers have, we surmise, known them for some time. This does not mean that reiteration is not useful: millions of Americans, including Hamilton Fish, the D.A.R., certain members of the American Legion and most of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, do not apparently belong to that class of newspaper readers whom one would designate as "intelligent." "The Great Offensive" may help to open such eyes as are not stubbornly closed.

If space permitted, one might pick a few minor quarrels with Mr. Hindus. His literary *obiter dicta* strike us as misleading, and his statements about Soviet art seem for the most part inept. A little premature, we think, is his funeral oration over the "collapsed" proletarian revolution and his hopeful prophecy that, barring war, the ultimate triumph of Fascism is assured outside of the Soviet Union. Mr. Hindus may be betting on the wrong horse.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

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Fact and Dr. Faÿ

The Two Franklins: Fathers of American Democracy, by Bernard Faÿ. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 393 pages. $3.50.

IT IS difficult to find the proper angle from which to review this brilliant and interesting book. The title leads one to expect a double-barreled biography; it reads like a snappy historical novel, told in the English of Gertrude Stein; but the author tells us that "the book aims at being a picture" and, again, that his purpose was "not to write a dictionary of eighteenth-century biography, but to give a picture as accurate as possible of eighteenth-century life, psychology and history." Dr. Faÿ's picture is vivid and highly entertaining—perhaps it is only professional prejudice which makes me still prefer history to a picture of history, and a historical novel "founded on fact," as the paper jackets used to blurb, to a picture so smoothly and cleverly painted that it would take an expert to say what is fact and what is Faÿ. If this be history, it is history without doubts, controversies, problems, perplexities or intricacies. M. Faÿ knows exactly what all the characters were trying to do and what they were thinking about. He tells us just what those mysterious underhand dealings were between the Secretary of State and the French minister, he can even read Washington's mind. "All runs smooth ez grease," as Hosea Biglow said of history long ago.

The book opens with a charming account of "A Great Man's small family"—the G. M. being Franklin—and very shortly we are introduced to the G. M.'s grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, who is the second "Father of American Democracy." How and when Franklin I fathered American democracy is not explained: one expects something about the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776, and why it didn't work—but constitutions certainly make a very drab picture.

Benny Bache's paternal act was to found an opposition journal during Washington's administration. This he did out of pure patriotism and a belief that the country was going monarchist under Hamilton's influence—perfectly good reasons, to be sure; but may not the unsuccessful efforts of Franklin I to get a government job for Franklin II have had some little thing to do with it? And may not the other opposition journals throughout the country have had something to do with the "Revolution of 1800"? Benny passed for a blackguard among all Federalists and many Republicans; may not Jefferson's leeriness of him have been due, not to caution and timidity, but to a gentlemanly repugnance for Benny's methods—which included the reprinting of the forged Washington letters to kill Washington's reputation? Indeed, as one peruses the book, one finds so much left out of the picture that one ends by suspecting even those *genre* sketches of American life at which the author excels, and the data for which he obtains quite legitimately from the Bache manuscripts and contemporary newspapers. For instance, readers would not suspect that the French spoliations had anything to do with the X.Y.Z. imbroglio with France. Dr. Faÿ simply cannot give a straight account of a diplomatic or political negotiation; his imagination is so vivid and his Gallic suspicion so keen, that he will not believe what contemporaries left on record; he must go behind the sources and construct a theory of his own. Thus, he is not satisfied with the accepted reasons for Congress's not declaring war on France in 1798. It was in hope of silencing Benny Bache that they held off!

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Yet there are times when Dr. Faÿ's flair is convincing. Historians have always been puzzled as to why "Honest John" Adams let his Cabinet get away with so much. Dr. Faÿ explains that Adams regarded himself as a sort of constitutional monarch, who might reign but not govern: his ministers should handle all details of policy. Dr. Faÿ's characterization of Hamilton and Jefferson, and his description of their relation, is the most subtle and convincing that we have seen. Indeed all his personal descriptions, however brief, are sharp and vivid; they stick in the mind. One only regrets that they are not more accurate. Elbridge Gerry, for instance, "had a tall figure, a sad face and a wink in his eye. 'What a hypocrite!' said his enemies. 'What a strong, silent man!' said his friends." Actually, Gerry was short, spare and dapper, his appearance was austere rather than sad; and nobody ever called him a strong, silent man—which he was far from being. Again, Talleyrand "kept Mr. Gerry as a hostage and brooded over him as over a beloved mistress." An amusing simile, but it would have been more accurate to have described the Frenchman's policy as seduction, and Gerry's attitude as Republican Virtue.

Yet, what a lively description of Philadelphia, when it was the nation's capital—not Mrs. Bingham's court circles, of which we have heard too much, but the brawling mobs, the Irish and Germans, the Jacobins and émigrés; the horror of yellow-fever epidemics every summer. Dr. Faÿ has done so well in his first venture on the silver screen that we wish his speedy return to the legitimate boards.

S. E. Morison.

Dr. Marie Stopes

Marie Stopes: Her Work and Play, by Aylmer Maude. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 300 pages. $3.

AT THE age of twelve, the heroine of this memoir was entrusted by her father with a small collection of flint implements for the Society of Antiquarians in Edinburgh and, "on being taken with them to the learned director of the museum, without any hesitation or embarrassment . . . gave him a lecture on their nature and uses and told him what to write on the labels for the exhibition cases." Years later, in her own words, she found the way out of a difficult matrimonial situation by asking herself, "Why have I a scientific brain and scientific knowledge if it is not to find out things that seem to puzzle everybody?"

The slight and naïve fatuity which characterizes the above incidents also characterizes this authorized biography as a whole, though it is difficult to say just how much the fault is Aylmer Maude's and how much it is that of "the ablest woman he has met." Its fatuity and sentimentality, however, should not blind the reader to the fact that Marie Stopes *is* an extraordinary woman, a distinguished scientist and a highly versatile one. Popularly known for her work on birth control and her writings on sex, she had at a very early age a solid reputation among scientists for her work in botany and geology and particularly for her research on the structure of coal. She was the first woman to be appointed a lecturer in the scientific faculty of the University of Manchester, the first, apparently, to be sent out of the country with a grant by the Royal Society and the first person in England appointed to a lectureship on Paleobotany. She has sacrificed time, money and reputation to engage in work to which many powerful factions—notably the Roman Catholics—are actively hostile, and her intelligent, constructive work has greatly advanced the

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cause of birth control in England. These facts should be borne in mind when Mr. Maude quotes her as saying that her son, at the ripe age of twenty-four hours, understood her conversation perfectly and obeyed her directions, that babies properly conceived practise such obedience even before birth, and other pseudo-mystical rubbish, or is betrayed by his admiration of her into sheer silliness on his own account. No woman who has done what Dr. Stopes has can possibly be as God-awful as Mr. Maude occasionally makes her sound—at least, I hope she can't.

MARTHA GRUENING.

A Short History of Georgia, by E. Merton Coulter. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 470 pages. $3.50.

THIS BOOK, although intended for purely local consumption, may be read with profit by all persons who are interested in knowing why the state of Georgia is so positively and completely what it is—and the state of Georgia, as Mr. Erskine Caldwell has pointed out, is no ordinary place. Mr. Coulter never gets beyond competent historical reporting, but the facts are there for those who care to read them. On the surface it is just another history book, a little better than most, following the fortunes of a commonwealth from its beginnings as a struggling colony, through two revolutions and various minor upheavals, up the peaks of boom times and down the slides of depressions, until the present day. Actually, although the author seems at no time aware of it, the book is a record of the advancement of the Southern middle class; of the nullification of a philosophy; of industrialism breaking the back of the agrarian South; of the South forced, by economics and not by war, to become a part of the United States.

HAMILTON BASSO.

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